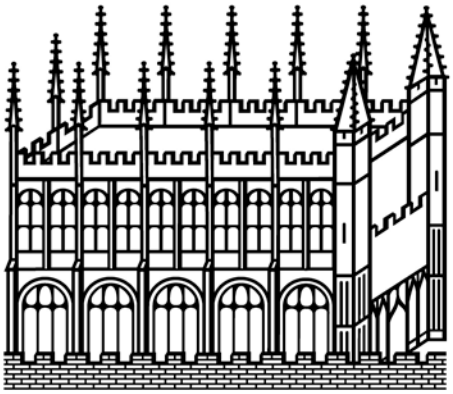
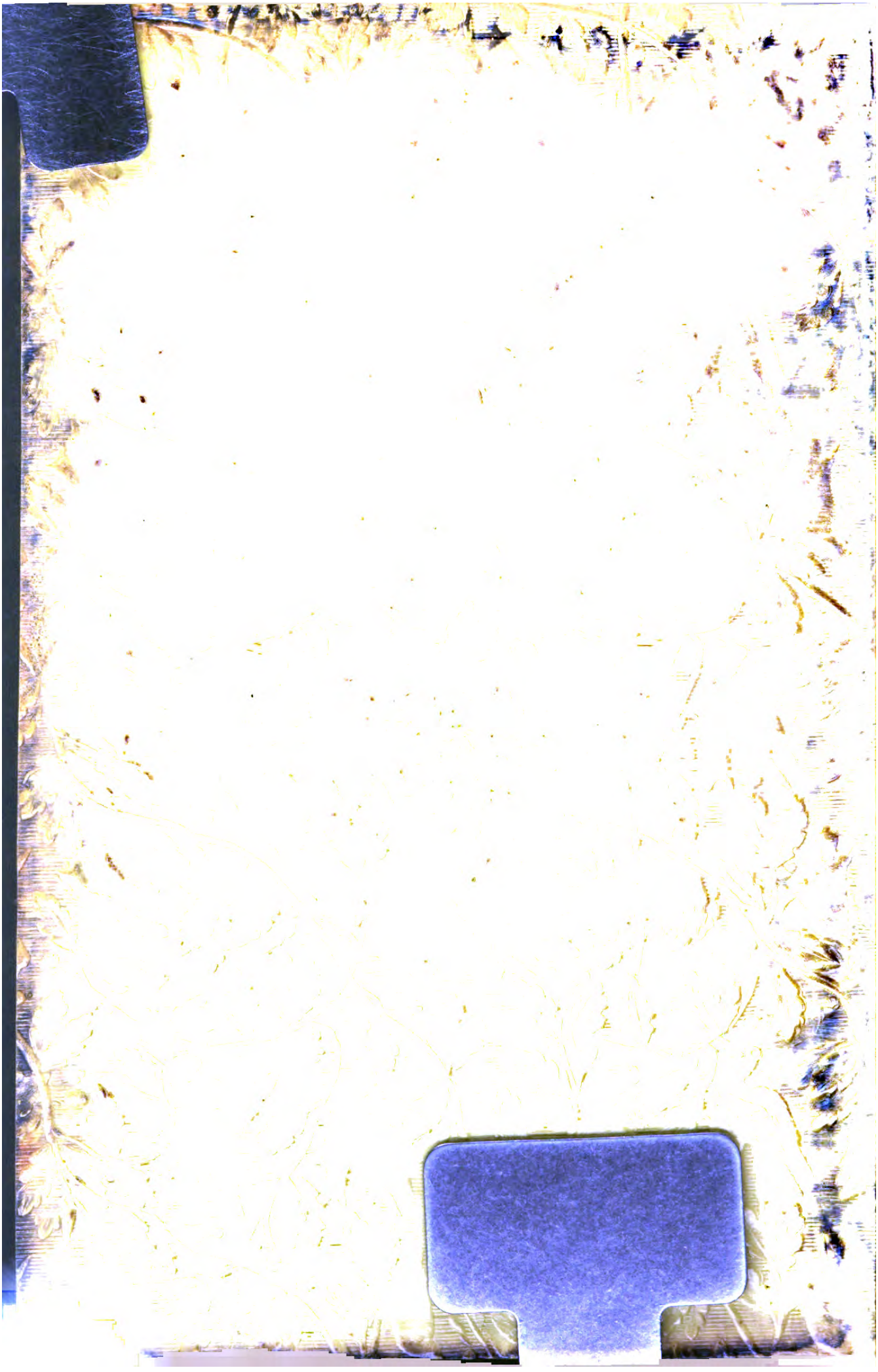




Painted by A. Chisholm.

Engraved by R. Staines.

THE LESSON.

Printed by Hauser

Pub. by R. [illegible]

MARSHALL'S

CHRISTMAS BOX,

A Juvenile Annual.

" —— Levying thus, and with an easy sway,
A tax of profit on his very play."

COWPER.

LONDON:

W. MARSHALL, 1, HOLBORN BARS.

MDCCCXXXI.

ALL Articles intended for insertion in the next Volume, should reach the Publisher's before the end of July, 1831.

LONDON: Printed by W. J. RUFFY, 29, Budge Row.

PREFACE.

In the preparation of this little Volume, the Editor did not cease to remember that he was providing for the entertainment of the young; and now that it is completed, he is encouraged to hope that it will please intelligent children and judicious parents.

It contains scarcely one article in which instruction is not conveyed under the guise of amusement: certainly nothing which is contrary to the purest moral and religious principle. Many of the tales are designed to correct the little errors and vices into which children fall, through a natural proneness to form hasty conclusions:—a useful but neglected branch of education; for

> "Wayward humours in the boy,
> Uncheck'd, the manly mind destroy."

Remembering that children consist of boys and girls, the Editor has attended to the claims

of each; inserting here a story for the former, and there another for the latter; but none so peculiarly fitted for the one, as to be unsuited to the other.

The Editor cannot omit this opportunity of returning his grateful thanks to the various individuals whose contributions, he ventures to say, confer a high degree of value on the present volume.

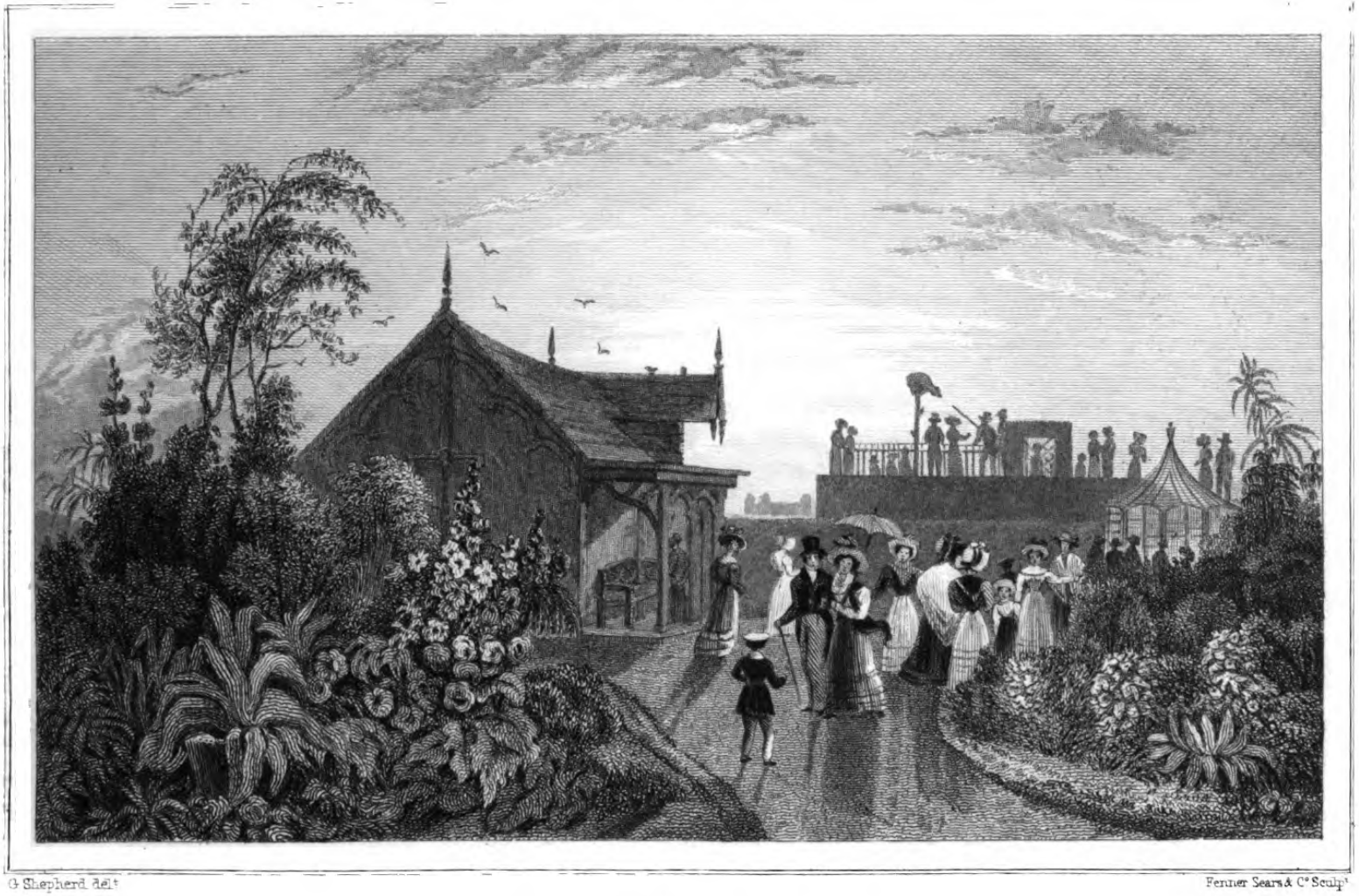
CONTENTS.

	Page
A Visit to the Zoological Gardens. By Mrs. Hofland	1
The Wild Bee's Song. By Miss Agnes Strickland, Author of "The Seven Ages of Woman."	17
The Sailor Boy's Grave. By the Hon. Mrs. Norton	19
The Negro Babes in the Wood. By Miss Agnes Strickland	22
The Mischievous Boys. By Bernard Barton, Esq.	25
Julia; or, the Careless little Girl. By Miss Roscoe	28
The Brigand. By J. F. Hollings, Esq.	36
The Indian Bird. By Mary Howitt	37
Helen's Duck. By Miss Isabel Hill	43
Enigma	57
The Mother's Lesson	60
Sketches of Natural History. By Mary Howitt	62
The New Mama. By Miss Isabel Hill	66
The Redbreast, the Wren, and the Titmouse	79
The young Shipwrights. By Miss Isabel Hill	84
The Lamentations of Old Hospitality. By Mrs. Sherwood	86
The Honest Dutchmen. By William Howitt	105
To the American Snow-bird	113
The Quarries under Paris	115
The Cottager. By J. F. Hollings, Esq.	120
The School-boys' Journey	122

Page
Lines written on the last Leaf of a Friend's Album. By Miss Mitford 141
The Natural Bridge in the State of Virginia..... 142
The Cottager returning Home. By J. F. Hollings, Esq. 144
Remember now thy Creator 145
The Youthful Partners. By Miss Jane Strickland, Author of "The Albanian Shepherds." 146
Sister's Love. By Miss Agnes Strickland..... 157
Domestic Chit Chat; or, a Word for the Injured. By Mrs. Hofland..... 159
Fables, from the Italian. By Miss Agnes Strickland 168
What Must be Must 173

LIST OF PLATES.

THE LESSON. — Painted by A. Chisholm. Engraved by W. Staines.
THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.—Painted by G. Shepherd. Engraved by Fenner.
THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.—Painted by W. Fraser. Engraved by Fenner.
THE BRIGAND. — Painted by A. Colin. Engraved by W. Greatbache.
THE YOUNG SHIPWRIGHTS.—Painted by N. Condy. Engraved by H. Shenton.
THE COTTAGE GIRL.—Painted by E. Englehart. Engraved by Fenner.
THE COTTAGER. — Painted by D. Lynch. Engraved by Fenner.
MY SISTER.—Painted by Slous. Engraved by Fenner.



G Shepherd delt

Fenner Sears & Cº Sculpt

THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Published by W Marshall N.º 1 Holborn Lane. Nov.1830

A VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"I THINK, my dear," said Mr. Delafield to his lady, on the morning of August 4th,* "as the day is very pleasant, you had better take Henry, Emily, and Charles, to the Zoological Gardens. What do you think of it?—Shall I order the carriage?"

These questions were reiterated by the eyes of all the young persons here named, whilst the words —"Oh! mama, are you well enough?—Can you go?—Will you be so good?" sprang anxiously from their lips.

Mrs. Delafield readily consented to their wishes, observing that the late weather, though too warm for many people, had suited her; and she would go with pleasure, since their papa's engagements forbade them to hope that he could spare sufficient time.

At eleven the carriage was joyfully entered; and away they drove, all eagerly talking of what they wished, or what they expected, to see. Henry, who

* On the day here specified, M. Baron Cuvier first visited the Zoological Gardens; having arrived in London the preceding evening.

was nearly fourteen, and had been at Exeter 'Change last year, was anxious to see new and rare animals only; whilst his brother Charles, who was only nine years of age, earnestly wished to see lions and tigers; "because they were grand and terrible, and he had seen pictures of them." Emily, who was about twelve, a gentle, affectionate girl, desired, above all things, to visit curious birds: the British, because "she knew and loved them;" the foreign, because "she had read about them."

When our young friends found themselves in an extensive and beautiful garden, they were at once charmed and disappointed; for they had expected to see lines of caged wild beasts, intermixed with plants; and they now ran into the opposite expectation, of a garden inhabited by them; and Charles, with some solicitude, inquired if the animals ran about, in so beautiful a place, without doing injury to the flowers. "Could tigers be so far tamed that they never spoiled the garden?"

Before there was time to give an explanatory negative, one beast (which they all knew to be the European Brown Bear) was seen exactly before them, climbing up a huge pole, and so eagerly looking towards them, that Charles and Emily felt a momentary check to their pleasure, and instinctively shrank towards their mother. Henry went manfully forward; and, on perceiving that his sister

looked pale, told her not to be frightened; for, "although the bear was a good climber, he was no jumper; or, at least," he added, "the poor fellow cannot spring upon you; for he has no purchase from whence to spring; so don't be so silly as to fear him." "I will not," said Emily, moving forward; "because I know, if there were any danger, mama would not have brought us; but I confess I had rather he did not poke out his head so far." —"And look! there is another huge black one coming up after him!"

"There would be no danger," said Mrs. Delafield, "if a dozen came: you see the creatures are come up to beg cakes, of which we must supply our share. The Bear is capable of being rendered very docile, and would take bread out of your hand safely; so will many other animals in these gardens: but I need not tell you that it must not be offered to any of the cat species, which you will see hereafter."

"Oh! no," cried Henry; "a poke to make them grumble, is better than a biscuit for those gentry. I should like them to roar lustily, I confess; not if it would frighten Emily, neither."

"I am glad to hear the latter part of your sentence, Henry, as it offers some salvo for the foolishness of the former. A boy of your age ought to guard one of Charles's from playing tricks with

the animals, which you have both been cautioned against; not induce him to commit the very faults in question."

"But surely, mama, if one wishes to see a tiger in his natural state, and to form a just idea of his power, one should excite him a little? I would not do much, but I should like to see his dreadful teeth, his glistening eyes, his terrific bound, and—"

"All this, my dear, you must be content to receive from description. A beast of prey, constantly fed and constantly confined, may preserve his strength and his beauty; but the dreadful energies of his nature can but be partially retained, and certainly never safely called into action. The bad temper provoked in this terrific class of animals, by children in their ignorance, and young men in the coxcombry of useless courage, renders them so malevolent and fierce, as to occasion great danger to the poor men who attend on them. Having said *this*, I know I need say no more. Your understanding, and your humanity, will alike guarantee the propriety of your conduct."

Henry just took up his mother's hand, and let it fall again, in silence; but his heart thanked her for reasoning with him as a man, instead of reproving him as if he were a child, crying, as other ladies did on every side, "Don't go there, William!" "You frighten me to death, Tom!" "I will never bring you out again, you naughty boy!" &c. &c.

At this moment, Emily, turning to the left, saw what she termed a "palace cage" of Macaws and Cockatoos. Nothing could exceed the brilliance of their blue, and yellow and red, and yellow plumage, contrasted with the dazzling white of the Cockatoos. They were incessantly climbing about the cage, and hastening to present their hooked bills for cakes and fruit, many of them using short words in the drollest manner; and in their gorgeous colours, perpetual motion, and familiarity, were so attractive, that Mrs. Delafield was obliged to remind her family that "they had much more to see," as a glance at the lawn assured them. Knowing, however, that her daughter would find that portion of the gardens most attractive, she gave Henry liberty to wander where he pleased, and to take Charles along with him.

The permission was gratefully accepted, but not immediately acted upon; for, such were the attractions of the lawn, that they each wished they might live there all their lives. The evident enjoyment of the aquatic fowls,—now plunging and diving in the stream,—now flapping their wings exultingly,—now scrambling for the biscuits thrown into the water,—was altogether so amusing and so novel a scene, so calculated to awaken the buoyancy of young spirits, that it was undoubtedly a difficulty in our

young friends to forbear transgressing bounds, by joining in the frolics of creatures so happy.

Emily was, in the mean time, attracted by the stately forms of the Storks, the heavy bodies and measured steps of the Emus, the exquisite beauty of the scarlet Ibis, and the delicately pencilled wings of a beautifully crested bird from Africa, the name of which she could not find in the catalogue. Fond, however, as she was of this interesting portion of the creation, she could not forbear following her brothers, whom she saw, at a little distance, caressing and feeding a large and beautiful animal, which she rightly conceived to be the Llama.

With this gentle and elegant animal Henry was in raptures, because it was absolutely new to him; nor, on entering the pretty building which it generally shared with the Dromedary, was he less pleased with the faithful traveller of the desert, to whose patient toil and strength man is so deeply indebted. Whilst scanning his huge bulk and unsightly proportions, he contrasted his appearance with his true value, and justly concluded, "that no personal beauty can compare with virtue and utility."

But Charles had left them, and he was too young to be trusted alone: therefore all followed, and his voice soon led them to him.

"Look, Emily! look, mama! what a pretty little

bull! and he is as tame as a dog; he has eaten the last cake I had. That hump on his back is quite handsome; it makes his head look as if it were finished up with a kind of helmet."

"These pretty creatures," said Henry, "are Zebus; and Charley is not wrong in calling the male a little bull, for Buffon believes them to be of the race of the Bison, of which we saw a specimen in the Regent's Park last summer. In fact, they resemble both the cow and the goat. I believe, with one exception, they were never in England before." "But that wild boy has got to the Owls, and I must follow him."

But it was with the Ravens Charles was busy; for never did two creatures hop so funnily after gingerbread as these. To the rest of our party the solemn Owls, especially the pair of brown ones with red eyes, were far the most attractive. Henry wondered not that the ancients termed the Owl "the bird of wisdom;" but Emily considered the physiognomy of this bird far from prepossessing. To the great satisfaction of their mother, both appeared well read in its natural history, and capable of defining it accurately.

They next reached a beautiful assortment of British birds; but, at a little distance, there appeared so large and so joyous a company, that the boys could not forbear adjourning thither; and

Emily, conscious that, however kind her mama might be in allowing their departure, she yet wished to be near them, resigned her pets, and willingly followed to the resort of the Monkeys.

Whilst Charles distributed nuts freely to every candidate for his favour, Henry pointed out to his sister every variety of the animals before them. "There go the Ceylon Monkeys! and observe the long ring-tailed one coming forward! There bounds the Sooty Monkey! and look at the Dog-faced Baboon! And see! here is the Barbary Ape! do look at him, Emily."

"I have seen quite enough of him. I had rather look at the little greenish one than all the rest put together: it is so agile, so good-natured and playful, so totally different from the gamboling things, that look like withered old men making fools of themselves. Monkeys, at best, are hideous caricatures of men: I don't like them at all."

"I see you only half like *this* place; so I will take you farther. There is no tearing Charles away yet from such playfellows."

Mrs. Delafield gave an assenting smile; and her elder children passed on to the dwellings of the Eagles, Kites, and Falcons. Emily was delighted to see the latter, which, she knew, were formerly a source of amusement to nobility and royalty—fed from the hands of fair ladies, and sent out on their

quarry by knights; but she did not wish to be the possessor of any creature so fierce and cunning, as all the tribe; and, as the Harpy Eagle evidently made her shudder, Henry hastened her away, to visit those wild beasts which had been, from the first, his principal attraction.

Emily gazed with fearful delight on the Leopards and Panther, the restless Puma, and Royal Tiger, as they lay stretched in their dens; and, having heard of the magnanimity of old Nero, the Lion, paid him unusual respect, admiring his flowing mane and benign countenance, wondering at the thickness of his legs, the length of his mane, and the deep brilliance of his opening eyes. From this she was hurried, by her brother, to the Striped Hyena, the Ocelet, and the Opossum, which hides its young in a large natural pocket, resembling, in that particular, the Kangaroo, to which it is also related in form, the fore legs being very short, the hind ones very long; but Emily justly observed, "it was not half so beautiful as that innocent and cheerful-looking creature."

The Rein-deer, the Jackals, the Coati Mundi, and others, had, by turns, engaged their attention; but nothing had delighted them so much as two exquisitely beautiful small Antelopes, which they were leaving with regret, when a loud shriek, from a distant part of the gardens, alarmed them both; for,

though they heard many young voices, the sound of Charles's seemed louder than the rest. Henry seized his sister's hand; and they ran as quickly as possible towards the monkeys' residence. Just as they drew near, they perceived a lady and gentleman supporting their beloved mother into a chair, and Charles was crying aloud. Their alarm became excessive: they rather *flew* than *ran* towards her. "Don't frighten yourselves so much, my dear children," said Mrs. Delafield; "I am scarcely hurt at all: the tearing of my collar is the worst part of the business."

"No, no," cried Charles; "that is not the worst: a monkey darted down, and bit mama's shoulder, as she was walking through the place behind; and we all saw it, but we could not help it."

"I am very sorry, mother, that I left you," said Henry, "very sorry indeed."

"So am I," said Charles, sobbing; "for I know it was all owing to *me;* and if you had been here, I should not have done it."

"What *did* you do?" said Emily, angrily.

"I meant no harm; but I was offering him a nut, and then taking it back *jokingly;* and I happened to hold it up just then, and my hand being the height of mama's shoulder, down he pounced and hurt *her* instead of *me:* and I am sure, *quite sure* ——"

Charles cried anew, and was walking off; but his sister caught his hand, and said gently, "You are *quite sure* you would rather have been hurt yourself; and so am I, Charles; so don't go away. Compose yourself, and stand still; or you will add to mama's anxiety: and see! she is getting better every minute."

Mrs. Delafield soon arose, and, taking Henry's arm, walked towards the pretty cell of the Otters; and, as she did so, she extended her pardon to the self-accusing culprit, whose fault she had not in the least suspected. Charles could not so easily forgive himself: he kissed and clung to the hand she gave him; but could not suppress his tears, when he looked in her face, or upon her torn tippet, until Henry engaged him in watching the motions of the Otter, which was then catching fish in the pond surrounding its habitation.

The rest of the gardens were now visited very soberly; but, on the arrival of the young folks at the second inclosure for aquatic birds, again their spirits rose in sympathy. Even the fond solicitude of Emily, the watchful care of Henry, and the contrition of Charles, vanished before the exhilarating influence of beholding the happiness of these creatures. The beauty of the tame Swans, the varieties of the Geese, Shieldrakes, and Ducks, the elegance and beauty of some birds, the familiarity of others,

and the delight which all so evidently enjoyed in their pleasant retreat, awoke in their young bosoms corresponding joy. They felt the presence of the Creator in the perfection of his works; and, in their innocent exultation, there was the spirit of devotion, felt with more profound reverence and deeper tenderness in consequence of the late alarm given to their feelings, and the ardent affection it had awakened for their mother.

"I think," said Henry, after a pause, "there ought to be an inscription placed somewhere in the gardens, where every eye might read—

"*These* are thy glorious works, Parent of good!"

for surely never were so many admirable things concentred in one place.

"Yet I no longer wish to live here," said Emily; "though I should like to walk here every day." "Nor I," exclaimed Charles; "for who knows but I might do more mischief than I have done? and I am sure I would not have such a fright again for a dozen monkeys of my own, and a couple of those tall ostriches into the bargain." "I declare that is Papa coming."

The little boy blushed even to painfulness as his father approached; and, instead of running to meet him as he was accustomed to do, he suffered his brother and sister to detail their observations and

pleasures, whilst he stood at a distance appearing to examine the flowers. When, however, they went to pay a farewell visit to the Bear, and Mr. Delafield had given his arm to his mother to return home, Charles stepped towards him (as depicted in the plate), and again began a confession of his folly and its consequences, with a penitent assurance "that he should henceforward observe better what was said to him; since it was a plain case that even monkeys did not like to be teazed or trifled with."

"The doctrine is very true, Charles," said his father, "whether applied to the nursery, or the school-room; but I am sorry it cost your good mama a fright: however, I trust the remembrance of it will make the more indelible impression of its truth upon your mind. But whom do I see advancing towards us?—Emily! Henry! come hither this moment."

His children were instantly at his side.

"You are very fortunate, my dears, in the day of your visit: it has enabled you to see not only many of the greatest curiosities in natural history, but the greatest historian of Nature's wonders that ever has yet existed, or most probably ever will exist."

"Dear papa," cried Henry, "whom can you mean? You could hardly say more if the Baron Cuvier himself were in the gardens."

" Very true, my boy ;—this *is* the Baron Cuvier advancing towards us, accompanied by his amiable and highly-intelligent step-daughter, Mademoiselle Duçauvel. Ah! you may well look surprised and half alarmed ; but it is the fact : the Baron is not a person one can possibly forget. But I must quicken my steps to greet him : as it was my greatest pleasure in Paris to attend one of his *soirées*, so must it be my greatest in London to welcome him, and solicit his visit to my house."

So saying, Mr. Delafield walked quickly forward, and addressed a gentleman of so cheerful and benign a countenance, that the children had some difficulty in believing that wisdom and learning could assume a character so attractive and endearing. In a few moments the little group found themselves clustering around him, listening to every word he uttered as to the voice of an oracle, and treasuring his very looks in their memory as something precious, on which their minds might feed in after life.

After a short but most satisfactory conversation, Mr. Delafield withdrew, truly grateful for the promise given on the part of M. Cuvier, and the opportunity enjoyed by his children of seeing so great a man. In his way homeward, he descanted on the scientific labours, the unwearied diligence, and the discriminating powers of one who " had unlocked

the choicest cabinets of nature, and displayed her most curious jewels, who had rendered philosophy the handmaid of revelation, and displayed to an admiring and edified world, another Newton, in profound research and Christian principles."

"Well! I shall never, *never* forget this day," said Henry; "for it has not only shown me what was most striking and beautiful in animal life, but that which is most excellent in my own nature. How extraordinary and delightful a thing to meet Baron Cuvier *here;* where he may be said to be an installed sovereign,—where every eye is pursuing him, and every heart doing him homage!"

"At a time, too," said Mrs. Delafield, "when his own is a fugitive flying with terror, or driven with disgrace, from an injured and offended people; who, in the excitement of feelings so awakened, probably overrate his errors. Ah! my children, how strikingly is the lesson enforced, which teaches us that *virtue* and *knowledge* are the only real good in life,—the power which all hearts honour and obey; without which crowns are unstable and despicable; but which is compatible with the truest humility, and the most interesting simplicity of mind and manners."

They had now reached the gate of the garden: and, as every one had turned round to take a farewell view, Mr. Delafield inquired of Charles which

of the animals he regretted leaving the most; adding, with a smile, "I suppose it is the monkeys."

"I am not sorry," said Charles, "for leaving any of them, papa, because I am so glad and so thankful for having seen so many, and especially because I have seen that grand gentleman, whom I really love in my heart; but if you mean to ask which of them all I like best, I can tell you: it is not a *beast*, but a *bird*."

"You would like to be a Diving Gull, I dare say?"

"No, papa; I should like to be a Stork; for Emily says they are really good creatures and never forsake their parents. When a Stork is old, his son carries him on his back, feeds him, fights for him, and does every thing a child should do; so I wish, if I were not a boy, that I were a Stork."

"Well said, my dear little fellow! I have no doubt that, between your faults and your merits, (which at your age are nearly allied,) this will prove not only a memorable but a valuable day to you; and that, as long as you live, you will be the better for your VISIT TO THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS."

THE WILD BEE'S SONG.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN."

I HAVE come from the banks where the violets bloom,
And the primroses peep 'neath the long yellow broom,
And the blue-bells are ringing soft peals to the breeze,
As it scatters amongst them bright drops from the trees;
Where the woodbine is wreathing her light pendant bowers,
And the white-breasted hawthorn is lavish of flowers,
And the wild rose is blushing all lovely to view:—
I kiss'd it this morning while bathed in the dew.

I have been to the meadow where cowslips abound,
And the pansy and purple-tinged orchis are found,
And the crimson-tipp'd daisies enamel the green,
And the golden-hair'd trefoil gleams gaily between,
And the clover's rich globe on its slight graceful stem
Appears 'midst the grass like an amaranth gem:
From all in their turns I the honey have drain'd;
And I've drunk of the nectar the king's-cup contain'd.

The common's rude plain is no desert to me;
For there blooms the heather profusely and free;
And the harebell is waving her head to the wind,
And the vetch her blue wreath with the rag-wort
has twined,
And the sweet-scented thyme every hillock has
crown'd,
And the blossoming furze sheds its perfume around:
I call this my manor—my ample domain,
Where all owe me tribute, nor owe it in vain.

I enter, unquestion'd, the gardens of state,
And rifle the costly parterres of the great,
Where I wander unchidden on light roving wing,
And banquet on flowers that are raised for the king:
I seek, in his presence, the one I love best,
And murmur my song of delight on its breast;
And I take, when I 'm weary, luxurious repose
In the urn of the lily or lap of the rose.

I revel in sunshine and fragrance all day:
There is not a monarch on earth half so gay.
My labour is pleasure, when home with my spoil
I wing my b'ithe way, and exult in my toil.
The proudest might sigh for my freedom of will,
And the wisest might envy my patience and skill;
And those who improve not their talents withal,
Might take lessons from me to draw blessings from
all.

THE SAILOR BOY'S GRAVE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WHEN I was here, three years ago,
This grave was not yet made;
And the fearless boy who sleeps below,
About the village play'd.
I think his mother loved him best
Of all her orphan crew;
And, while she work'd for all the rest,
She *thought*, poor Jack! of *you*.

He was a boy of lively parts,
And full of frolic glee;
And merry were the children's hearts
When Jack came home from sea.
But Heaven reclaim'd the gifts it lent,
And tried his soul with pains;
The dread command on earth was sent,
And fever scorch'd his veins.

His sun-burnt cheek grew wan and pale,
His bright black eyes grew dim;
He grew too weak his boat to sail
Down by the river's brim:
And first, impatiently he said,
"I wish the wind blew free
Upon my face and round my bed—
Oh, that I were at sea!"

But soon he felt that never more,
(Though she was not a wreck,)
That white-sail'd ship should leave the shore,
And *he* be on her deck.
He took his mother's hand in his,
And heaved a bitter sigh:
" Mother," said he, " I feel it is
God's will that I should die!

" Remember me to all I loved,—
And those were all I knew;
For all to me have kindness proved,
The captain and the crew:
Tell them, that faint, and weak, and ill,
And sinking in the grave,
I thought upon my messmates still,
My brothers of the wave!

" And when I'm in the green earth's breast,
Let Henry go to sea,
Because he 's stronger than the rest,
And of a spirit free.
That God who stills the roaring wind,
Charge over him shall take;
And the old boatswain will be kind
To Henry, for *my* sake.

" And, oh, dear mother! when you cry,
(For grieve I know you will,)
Remember there 's a God on high
Who sees and pities still;

And murmur to yourself the word
You taught *me* long ago,
That still by Him the wail is heard,
Which none will heed below."

Wild storms had met that vessel's track,
And broke the sea in foam;
Loud winds had roar'd around, yet Jack
Had sail'd in safety home;
But *now* He call'd, who was his stay
Upon that boisterous tide,
And in his bed, one sunny day,
The little sailor died!

Long, long, beside the cottage hearth,
They miss'd him from his place;
His loud, light laugh—his voice of mirth—
His happy, eager face!
They play'd no cricket on the green,
No game of bat and ball;
For he was gone, who once had been
The spirit of them all.

But round his grave each sabbath day,
Silently, hand in hand,
(Thinking how kind he was—how gay,)
His once-loved playmates stand.
O little children, of a race
To whom short time is given,
So part on earth that, face to face,
Ye all may meet in heaven!

THE NEGRO BABES IN THE WOOD.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THROUGH the deep shadows of the moonless night,
The negro, Juba, urged his desperate flight:
With death behind, and unknown ills before,
Resolved to bear the servile scourge no more,
From his stern master's chains and fury dread,
Driven to despair by many wrongs, he fled.
He fled, but not alone: his faithful wife,
The fond and generous partner of his life,
For his dear sake all fears and hardships dared,
And with devoted love his perils shared.
Leading in either hand a tender child,
With patient steps she journey'd thro' the wild;
And, uncomplaining, o'er the dewy sod,
Or burning sands, with naked feet she trod;
And bore her babes through paths with thorns o'ergrown,
Forgetful, in their sufferings, of her own.

At length, bewilder'd in the trackless waste,
They paused in doubt; and then with frantic haste,
Dreading pursuit, and eager to escape,
Through woods impervious they essay'd to shape
Their devious course, and, trembling, look'd behind
At every leaf that rustled in the wind.
Three days and nights of horror they pursued
Their wanderings in the forest solitude:

Their only food the bitter herbs that grew
In scanty patches, and their drink the dew—
Noxious and dank, unlike the gems so clear
That deck, on summer morns, our blossoms here.

The pangs of hunger they experienced first,
And next the fiercer agonies of thirst:
Nor dared the sad and anxious wanderers close
Their aching eyelids in a brief repose;
But watch'd by turns, while the tired children slept,
Gazed on each other, and in anguish wept;
Till weary nature yielded to the strife,
And first the husband died, and then the wife:
They sank the first; for they had to sustain
The fever of the mind—that keenest pain,
And found the bitter workings of despair
Were harder far than famine's pangs to bear.
They died;—and the unhappy babes were left
In the wide forest, of all aid bereft.
At first they play'd the tangled brakes among,
And wonder'd why their parents slept so long;
But when the night approach'd, they strove in vain
With cries and tears to wake them up again;
Till, with their griefs and fears exhausted quite,
They sank upon the ground, and slept till light.

The sun, appearing in the eastern sky,
Awoke them, when they saw their parents lie

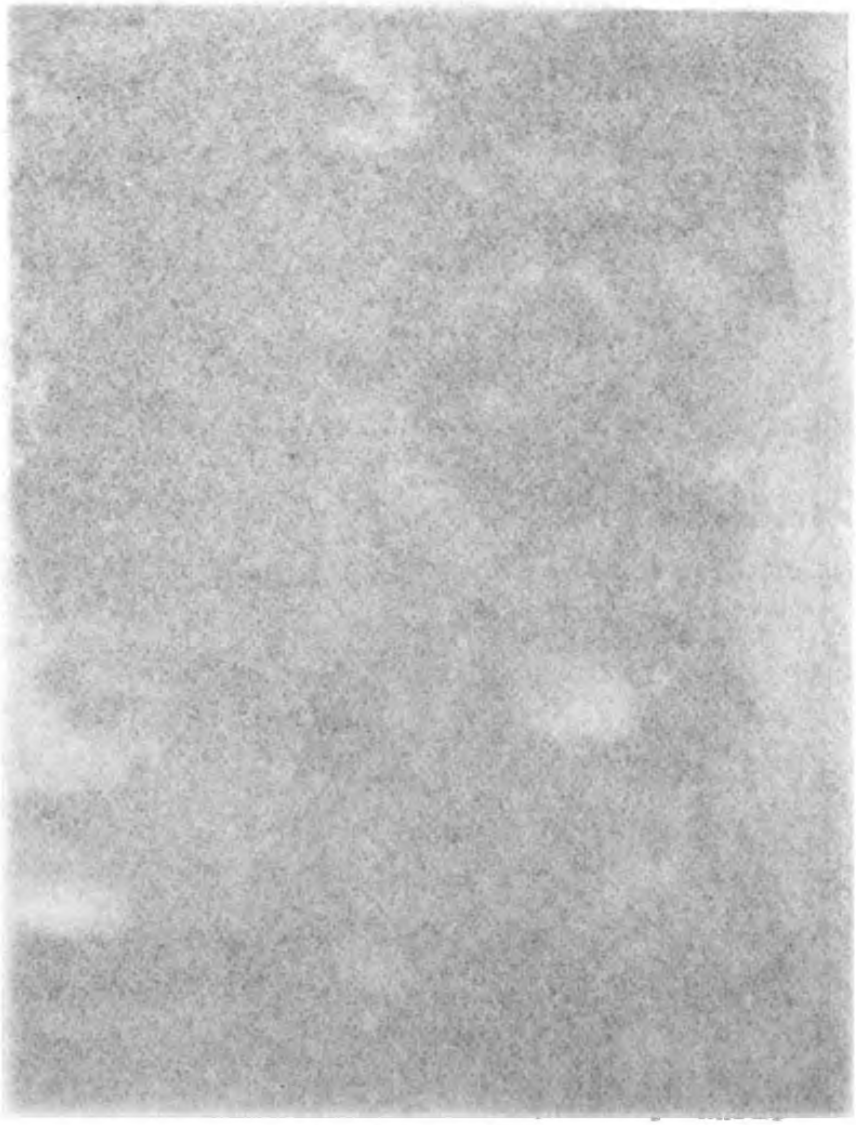
Still cold and silent, stiff and motionless,
Regardless of their wants and their distress.
They tried each fond endearment, and they strove
To rouse them with their words of artless love;
Then on each other gazed with tearful eyes,
In mingled doubt and anguish and surprise,
And wrung their little hands in infant woe,
Though yet, poor babes! too young how great
their loss to know.

The calls of hunger drove them from the spot;
Again they sought it, but they found it not;
And, full of bitter sorrow and dismay,
They roam'd bewilder'd on their weary way,
Call'd on their parents' names with frantic cries,
And paused, and vainly listen'd for replies.
Then, hand in hand, in fruitless search of food,
Weeping, they wander'd through the tangled wood;
Sore pinch'd with famine, weary, faint, and worn,
Their tender feet with thorns and brambles torn,
And broken-hearted, sadly, side by side,
They sank into each other's arms—and died.

Like those sweet babes, whose mournful fate of old
Some nameless bard of pity well has told
In simple ballad-lore;—a tale that ne'er
Was heard by nursery train without a tear.
In childish days, *I* o'er that simple strain
Have often wept, and oft may weep again.

THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

Published by W. Marshall Nº 1 Holborn Bars Nov 1.1[illegible]



THE MISCHIEVOUS BOYS.

BY BERNARD BARTON, ESQ.

WHAT a shame of those naughty and mischievous
boys,
Thus to teaze a poor man with their tricks and
their noise!
Look! one with his dog is awakening his fears,
And the other is jangling his bell in his ears.

That urchin with images placed on his board,
If he were what he should be, his help might afford;
But he at their rudeness seems only to smile;
And, see! he is robbing the pie-boy the while!

I don't pity the pie-boy at all—no, not I,
If the other should eat up or steal every pie:
He may say he's in fun; but such spirit is spite,
And he richly deserves a good caning at night.

That nice little girl seems far gentler of mood,
And I think she would help the poor man if she
could;
For her looks, if I read what her features express,
Speak shame and regret, at his fear and distress.

Those poor children with her appear half afraid
Of the riot and din by such naughty boys made;
One has caught up his hoop in the midst of his play,
And the baby is turning its head quite away.

How I wish that the dog, in the midst of their fun,
'Twixt the image-boy's legs should just happen to run!
Both his theft and his idleness then he might rue,
If his board were upset, and his images too.

And if he should bite the young pie-boy to boot,
Or chance just to trip up his own master's foot,
The disaster of either I should not deplore,
But should say that the dog was the best of the four.

But, stay! there's a gentleman coming behind,
Though the boys, in their mischief, appear not to mind
The alarm and distress of the weary knife-grinder,
Or that mild-looking girl with the baby behind her.

Perhaps she's the knife-grinder's daughter! If so,
The greater their shame who can work him such woe;

I'm sure, for the sake of her look and her tone,
More pity and manners they ought to have shown.

However, that gentleman seems on his way;
And, I think, when he hears what they all have to say,
If he have, as I trust, a compassionate heart,
With the weak and the injured he soon will take part.

If the deeds of those mischievous boys he has scann'd,
I hope he has brought a good stick in his hand;
And when he comes up, that all three he'll lay hard on,
And compel them to ask the poor knife-grinder's pardon!

JULIA, OR THE CARELESS LITTLE GIRL.

BY MISS ROSCOE.

JULIA, when very young, contracted a habit of carelessness, which her mother vainly endeavoured to correct. Though of an extremely sweet and docile disposition, she was also very lively and volatile in her temper: so much so, that her parents were afraid if this careless turn were not corrected, it might produce very unhappy consequences. One morning the following conversation took place between Julia and her mother:

"Julia, my dear, did you put the china cups in the closet when I told you?"

Julia started. "Oh! I forgot!"

"Where did you leave them?"

"I believe—I left them in the nursery—yes, I did, mama; but I'll go and put them up this minute."

"Stay," said her mother; "it is too late. You left them on the window-seat; and little Henry, in lifting his hobby-horse down, overturned them: they are broken."

"Broken, mama! I am very sorry."

"Yes, Julia, I believe you are sorry: but make this sorrow of use to you. It is true the broken cups cannot be restored; but let it be a warning to

you in future. If you indulge this careless disposition, you will not only suffer from it yourself, but it will be a constant source of trouble to others."

"O mama! I will mind—indeed I will," cried Julia, throwing her little arms round her mother's neck: "only forgive me this once, I 'll promise"—

"No, Julia," said her mother, kissing her, "I exact no rash promises, for a habit is not conquered in a day: only do your best to improve, and I shall be satisfied."

Time passed on; Julia grew older, and no very bad effects resulted from her carelessness. Her mother gladly hoped that the habit was conquered; but, alas! Julia's torn frocks and disorderly drawers, bore woeful witness to the contrary. Her cloak, hat, gloves, &c., were always strewed about the room, and she spent more time in seeking for the things she had mislaid, and had more trouble too, than it would have cost her to conquer this bad habit.

One day her father asked her to copy a manuscript for him, saying, with a smile, "Try, Julia, for once, if you can keep the paper clean; it is a shame to blot such good writing as yours is."

"O papa! there shall not be a spot upon it: you know I never blot my paper when I am writing for you."

"Well, we shall see," said her father.

Julia did, indeed, copy it uncommonly well: there was not a stain upon it; and she was just finishing, when her sister Caroline entered the room.

"Look," cried she, "is not this well written, sister? how pleased papa will be when he sees it!"

"Very neat, indeed, my dear Julia! Have you quite done?"

"Yes, all but two or three lines. Oh! this pen! what an ugly D I have made! However," cried she, looking at it with complacency, "I think it is the only bad letter in it."

"Now it 's quite finished, then," said Caroline, "I came to tell you that the old pedlar is here. I would not tell you till you had finished, lest in your hurry"—

"The old pedlar! is he?" cried Julia, starting up; and, turning abruptly, she overturned the inkstand. Her writing fortunately escaped; but the black streams flowed over Caroline's white dress, and thence rolled quickly to the floor. Julia stood in silent consternation, and then began to lament the accident very volubly. "And your dress too, Caroline! I am so sorry: I can't think how it happened. Dear me! and your new dress too! what can I do for you?"

Caroline, in the mean time, had been endeavouring to prevent the mischief from spreading farther, by taking up the inkstand and wiping the carpet.

She now assured Julia with great good-nature, that her dress was not spoiled; that she could easily get the stains out; and that, if she would go to the pedlar, who was waiting below, she would wipe up the ink herself.

"Thank you, dear Caroline! how good this is of you!"

"But," said Caroline, as Julia was leaving the room, "had you not better put your writing away? My hands are covered with ink, and I cannot touch it."

"Oh! never mind," cried Julia, skipping out of the room; and she was out of sight in a moment.

At tea-time her father inquired for the manuscript: Julia went to fetch it; but it could not be found. At last she was obliged to return to the drawing-room, and own, with much confusion, that it was no where to be found.

"It must be found," said her father; "it is of great consequence. Where did you put it?"

"I forgot to put it up," said Julia: "I left it on the writing-table."

"This comes of *carelessness*, Julia," said her father, in an angry tone.

Julia, in great distress, made another search for the papers; but in vain, when, as she was slowly and sadly returning to her father to announce her bad success, she heard light footsteps approaching, and

presently some one reached over her shoulder, and presented the papers before her delighted eyes.

" Caroline, where could you find them ?"

" I recollected seeing you writing on a music-book ; and, as soon as the thought occurred to me, I went and looked through all the music-books, and at last found it just where you left it."

" Thank you a thousand times !" exclaimed Julia, running on with far quicker and lighter steps.

" Stop, Julia," said her sister ; " one word,—if you had but put it up in your desk, how much trouble would have been spared !"

" Yes, it is all very true ; but I am so glad it is found after all. I think my careless habit is cured."

Alas ! no; Julia was far from being cured.

One day Julia's father said, " I am going to see an iron-foundry this morning; and, as the process of moulding is curious, I will take you with me. I am going directly ; so get ready."

Julia was quite delighted. Caroline, more tranquil in her joy, cheerfully left the room to put on her hat and cloak ; she then returned into the parlour ; and Julia soon came running down stairs, exclaiming, " Caroline, Caroline ! have you seen my gloves ?"

" No," said Caroline.

" Then they are certainly lost ; for I have looked for them every where."

" I will lend you a pair," said her sister.

" No, Caroline," said her mother; " Julia must take the consequences of her negligence. Take your choice, Julia: either go without your gloves, or remain at home."

As she finished speaking, the door opened, and Julia's father entered. " Come, girls, are you ready?" Caroline rose; and Julia, in confusion, silently followed.

" Julia, where are your gloves?" said her father.

" She has lost them," answered her mother; " but I have given her leave to go."

Julia coloured deeply.

" O careless Julia!" said her father.

It was a cold frosty morning in January; and bitterly did Julia feel the want of her warm-lined gloves: in fact, the cold she experienced was so severe, and the shame she suffered, in appearing with uncovered hands, was so unpleasant, that poor Julia had little enjoyment in her visit to the foundry.

* * * *

One night the family were alarmed by the cry of " fire." One of the servants said, she had been wakened by the flames. On examination, it was found that the fire originated in the library, and was rapidly spreading to the next room. The only

person in danger was little Henry, who slept in this small room. Julia's father was in another part of the house procuring water, and giving directions to the servants: her mother, half fainting, could hardly support herself; and the servants all recoiled with horror: Caroline turned pale and trembled. Julia alone, unappalled by the idea of danger, resolved to save him or perish. A moment's delay might be fatal: she caught a blanket, wrapped it around her slender form, and darted through the fire. In a few minutes, she appeared again, carrying her brother in her arms. She arrived safe on the landing, and gave him to his mother.

It was now the dawn of day, and the fire was at length completely extinguished, without having caused so much damage as had been apprehended. The family were all assembled together, and they began to busy themselves in conjectures of what could have occasioned the fire. Julia's father said he had been examining some papers, and had probably let a spark drop among them: "however," added he, "whatever occasioned it, I am sure our best thanks are due to Julia for her noble and courageous conduct. Who would think that one so young possessed such spirit and presence of mind!" Her mother and sister eagerly joined in praising

Julia, who received their praises with modest pleasure; but suddenly she turned very pale.

"I know," she cried: she could say no more; her voice faltered, and she could hardly stand.

Caroline supported her, and said, "Julia! dear Julia! you have burned yourself, I fear."

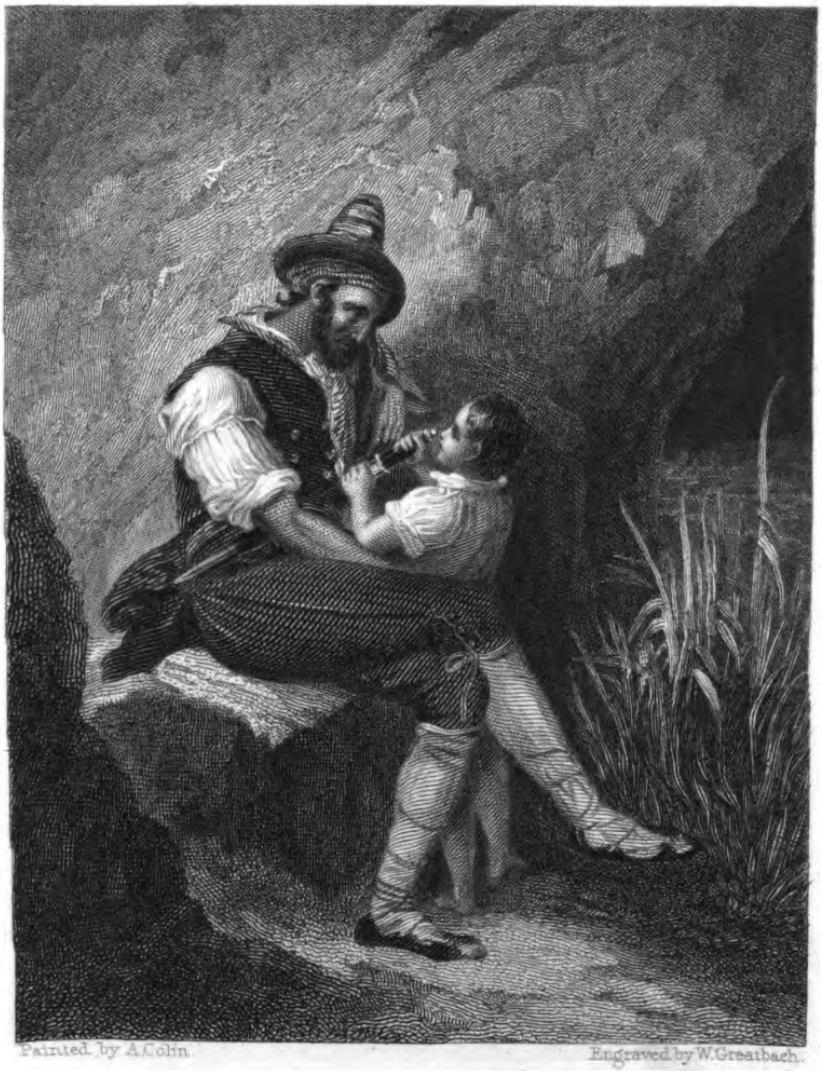
"No," said she, "but I was the cause of the fire. I was reading in the study very late, and sitting by the table, between the windows. Before I went to bed, I fetched little Henry's candle; for Nurse was ill. I took it with me and left my own in the study. I forgot it: it was a windy night: the window curtains"— She said no more, but burst into tears.

Her father and mother saw that there was no need of reproaches: she felt sufficiently, and more because her parents judiciously refrained from all blame. From that day Julia was, indeed, cured: she exerted herself much at first; and, at last, it became as habitual to her to be careful, prudent, and orderly, as it had once been to be careless, forgetful, and negligent.

D

A

Bu
I
Wi
F
A si
T
Unb
O
To c
An
To g
By



Painted by A.F.Colin. Engraved by W.Greatbach.

Printed by Benner Lewis & Co.

THE BRIGAND.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

THE scorner of pursuing bands,—
The fire, the steel, the chain,—
Beneath whose fierce and ruthless hands
The cry for aid is vain,—

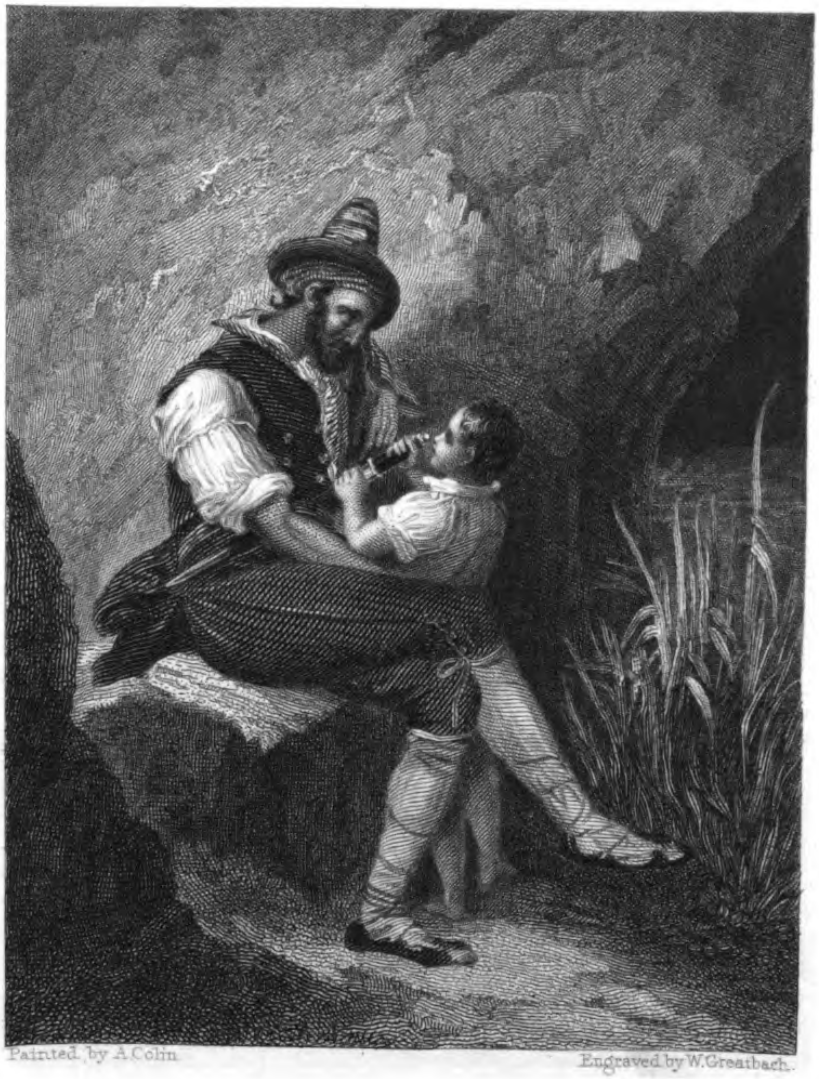
He sits, where day's young beams illume
The ocean's quivering bed;
Yet idly on that brow of gloom
The smile of heaven is shed:

Deeds veil'd, but silenced not, by time,
And deep and sullen care,
And scenes of meditated crime,
Are darkly written there.

But at his side a stripling child,
In youthful grace array'd,
With gesture innocent and mild,
Has sheathed the gleaming blade:—

A silent call!—if yet within
The heart of peace bereft,
Unblighted by the power of sin,
One better germ is left;

To cast its inward weight aside,
And seek that only rest,
To guilt's last moments undenied,
By faith's first hour possest.



Painted by A.Colin. Engraved by W.Greatbach.

Printed by Fenner Sears & Co.

Published by W. Marshall 11 Holborn Bars London

THE INDIAN BIRD.

BY MARY HOWITT.

A MAIDEN had an Indian bird,
And she kept it in her bower;
The sweetest bird that ever was seen,—
Its feathers were of the soft sea-green,
And its eye had a mild intelligence,
As if it was gifted with human sense:
In the English tongue it had no name,
But a gentle thing it was and tame,
And at the maiden's call it came;
And thus it sung one twilight hour,
In a wild note so sweet and low,
It made a luxury of woe:—

"The nest was made of the silver moss,
And was built in the nutmeg-tree,
Far in an ancient forest's shade,
That sprung when the very world was made,
In an Indian isle beyond the sea.

"There were four of us in the little nest,
And my mother sate us aboon,
And my father sate on a bough beside,
Singing to the shining moon.

" And, aye, he sung so sweetly,
The very winds were hush'd;
And the elephant hunters all drew near,
In joy that wondrous song to hear,
That like wild waters gush'd.

" And the little creatures of the wood,
To hear it had a great delight;
All but the wild wolf-cat, that prowls
To seek its prey at night.

" The wild wolf-cat of the mountains old,
He stole to that tree of our's,—
All silently he stole along,
Like the green snake under the flowers.

" His eyes they were like two dismal fires,
His back was of dusky grey;
And he seized my father while he sang,
And bounded with him away.

" Wild was the cry my father gave,
Till the lonely forest rang;
And, ' Oh!' said the kindly hunters then,
' Some savage creature, from its den,
Hath pounced upon that gentle bird,
And seized it as it sang.'

" All wearily pass'd that woful night,
With my poor mother's wail;

And we watch'd, from out our little nest,
The great round moon go down to rest,
And the little stars grow pale.

" And then I felt my mother's heart
Flutter, as in a wild surprise;
And we saw, from a leafy bough above,
The basilisk-snake with its stony eyes.

" It lay on the bough, like a bamboo rod,
All freckled and barr'd with green and brown;
And the terrible light of its freezing eyes
Through the nutmeg boughs came down.

" And lithely towards the little nest
It slid, and nearer it drew;
And its poisonous breath, like a stifling cloud,
'Mong the nutmeg leaves it threw.

" Ah me! and I felt my mother's heart,
As it beat in an awful fear;
And she gave a cry that any beast
But the basilisk-snake had been woe to hear.

" But he spared her not for her beautiful wings,
He spared her not for her cry;
And the silence of death came down on the woods
That had rung with her agony.

" And there we lay, four lonely ones,
That live-long day, and pined and pined;
And dismally through the forest trees
Went by the moaning wind.

" We watch'd the dreary stars come out,
And the pitiless moon mount up the sky,
And many a dreadful sound we heard—
The serpent's hiss and the jackall's cry,
And then a hush, like downy wings,
The nutmeg-tree went by.

" And ever and ever that dreamy sound
For a long, long hour we heard;
And then the eyes so terrible,
And the hooked beak, we knew them well,
Of the cruel dragon-bird!

" We were his prey;—and then there came,
In the light of the morning sun,
The giant eagle from the rock,
And he swoop'd on the nest with a heavy shock,
And he left but me, the lonely one!

" Oh! sorrow comes to the feeble thing,
And I was feeble as could be;
And next the arrowy lightning came,
And smote our nutmeg-tree.

" Down went the tree, down went the nest;
And I had soon been dead and cold,

But that a Bramin, passing by
Beheld me with his kindly eye:
He bore me thence, and for a space
He kept me in a holy place,
  Within a little cage of gold.

" The Bramin's daughter tended me,
  A gentle maid and beautiful;
And all day long to me she sung,
And all around my cage she hung
  The large white lily, rich and cool.

" And so I lived,—in joy I lived;
  And when my wings were strong,
She placed me in a banyan tree,
Of her sweet will to set me free,
  For the Bramin doth no creature wrong.

" But I could not leave that kind old man,
  I could not leave that maiden bright:
And so my little nest I built
Beneath their temple's roof, and dwelt
Among sweet flowers, and all fair things,
The Indian people's offerings;
  And she, ' her soul's delight,'
In that land's tongue, a pleasant name
Call'd me, and it my name became.

" But bloody war was in the land:
  The old man and the maid were slain;
The precious things were borne away;
A ruin'd heap the temple lay;
  And I among the spoil was ta'en,—

" Because I was an idol bird,
  They said, enshrined there,
And that the Indians worshipp'd me,
  And that my gentle maiden fair
Was priestess to the sea-green bird.
'Twas false,—yet thus they all averr'd:
And in the city I was sold
For a great price in counted gold.
Thy merchant-father purchased me,
And I was borne across the sea:
Thou know'st the rest,—I am not sad;
With thee, sweet maiden, all are glad."

HELEN'S DUCK.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

William. MAMA, dear mama, come and play with me.

Mama. I have no time for play, just now, love; and you are so stout that you fatigue even your father, you romp!

William. Well, only listen to me then. I 've so much to tell you, 'tis about papa too; and surely, while he is away, you would like to talk of him with me?

Mama. My dear child, we must not always do what we *like*. Papa is toiling for us: we are not to be idle in his absence.

William. Am I ever idle? Don't I gather flowers for him every day?

Mama. You know I value all proofs of your duty towards so good a father; but you must learn to shew affection more usefully, my boy.

William. Nay then, see if I have not finished a long task of writing, in hopes to please him.

Mama. You are growing good, I own, Willie; but I wish you to become more silent. Because you talk only of papa, you fancy I have nothing to do but to attend to your prattle. Really, for a great boy, you

are vastly fond of your poor mother's company. Can't you leave me to myself, sometimes? and not be looking into my face for ever?

William. But I love your face, and you love mine too, I know; for last night, when you thought I slept, I heard you say, "Bless the darling! he is his father's image!" And there you stood, for ever so long, doing nothing but look at me. Ha, ha! mama, who was *idle then*, I wonder?

Mama. You sly vain boy! But now I too have writing to do; and of more consequence than your's. I ought, at this moment, to be copying a story for the instruction of youth. What do you laugh at, Sir?

William. Oh, I only thought you had better tell *me* the story first; and if it makes me behave well, you will be sure that it is a good one.

Mama. So, you will have a hand in every thing I do? but I will read it to you, when it is written.

William. And why must it be written at all? What children have you to teach, beside me? Will you leave me without a companion for the sake of strangers? Don't *I* find you enough to do?

Mama. More than I can well manage, sometimes, Will; but, by writing, I may earn something towards your support. You cannot be fed by my kisses.

William. Mama, dear ma! I tell you what, as long as I 've you, and papa, I want for nothing. So

don't trouble yourself about money; for when I am old enough, I will make a fortune for you.

Mama. My own! but *I* must work for *you* till that day comes; and, if you are anxious to repay my care in time, you must be steady now. Yet, to shew you that we may think most of those we love, while we are unable to play with them, to prove that nothing but my desire for your goodness and welfare can ever keep me, for one instant, from you, I *will* tell you the tale which I was going to write.

William. Well do, Willie's own!

Mama. Why then, ma's Willie, as I know you need no warnings against such mean, babyish faults, as greediness and story telling, I shall give you, this time, only an example, which I 'm sure you will follow. When I was your age—

William. Oh, I 'm so glad that it is to be all about yourself?

Mama. But you don't know that yet; and you must not interrupt me, 'tis a very rude trick. Sit still, and I 'll go on. One spring day I was passing through a lane at the back of our garden; and there, lying in the sun, I saw a poor little puppy, all wet and dirty, as if it had been drowned before it could see. A lady was with me, whom I had seen cry even over a broken flower, though I did not see her bind up its stalk again. So I said, "What a pity it seems to kill any harmless thing, which God has

given life, even for our food! But this poor pup is quite useless now, and yet it might have grown into a fine dog, that would have done many a service to prove its gratitude for those who had been kind to it." Oh, I can't tell you how the lady praised me for this speech, which could do no good to any body. While she was talking, I called out, "Look! it moves! I'll take it home and revive it." "Move?" cried the lady; "to be sure, 'tis all worms and corruption. Don't touch it, Helen; I smell it here: come away." But I was resolved that what she had praised me for *saying*, I would endeavour to *act* upon. I took it up, and ran home with it. If the lady had not sought to *deceive* me, I should not have defied her commands; but I always hated untruths: and I thought, "Suppose the helpless animal had come to life there, what could it have done for food? Surely it would have been wicked in me to let it perish of starvation!" I hurried to the kitchen, and showed my prize. The servants said it could not live: indeed, by this time, it looked quite dead; its limbs were stiff: still I would not despair. I rubbed it gently with my warm hands. I heated some milk, which I poured into its cold mouth; but it did not run down the puppy's throat. I held its damp face close to mine, and breathed on it, but all in vain. Meanwhile the lady brought some of my brothers to laugh at me: *one* tried to snatch the

puppy from my lap; another said, if I would *throw it away*, he would give me a book which I had long wished for. Their threats and promises only made me the more persevering. At last I heard a sound as if the puppy was striving to swallow, he stirred, and, Oh, joy! a faint cry assured me that I had succeeded.

William. The dear thing! *did* it speak to shame them all?

Mama. I trembled and cried for joy. When the lady saw that I had been in the right, she began to praise me again; but, seeing that I was too busy feeding my nursling to mind her, she said, "And now what will you do with the ugly whelp? waste all your time on him, I suppose. Then there will be the expence of keeping him, and a tax to pay." "Indeed, ma'am," said I, "he shall have half my food, and all my pocket money; but he shall only have as much of my *time* as I can spare from my books and my work." We never found out to whom he had belonged. I fitted up a nice warm box for him, in my play room, and so tended him that he was a trouble to nobody. I nursed him in sickness: but for great care he would have died. He was a small water spaniel, of a rare and beautiful breed. I called him Duck.

William. What an odd name for a dog! Was it because he had been *ducked* before you found him?

Mama. No, wag! nor because they told me he could swim well; but Duck has always been a pet name of mine.

William. Just as you call me *Dove* sometimes.

Mama. Yes; but Duck, though very fond of play, was so docile, and so clever, that he needed little severity to unteach him any bad habits, and readily learnt all sorts of pretty tricks; nay, useful ways too, for he would fetch and carry as if he understood every word I said to him. I lavished my doll's gayest sashes on his neck, forgot my toys, my every game, but I did *not* forget my studies. I felt as if I could never learn too quickly, because I knew that till my tasks were done, I dared not return to my dog. Three months passed in this way, when I was suddenly told that I was going to a boarding-school on the morrow. I scarcely believed what I heard, till I saw my trunks ready. Nobody cared to convince me how much this was for my good; they were all busy and whispering. I did not know why: but the school was close to our house, and I knew I could be very happy among girls of my own age, if I could only have Duck with me. Ah! how he would pine after me! Who would now be kind to him? I kissed and cried over him as we parted. My school friends seemed to pity me; and the next day I was told that my whole family had left our house that morning. They did not like to

grieve me by letting me know their intention. I felt sadly for my poor dog, now carried away I knew not whither. I feared he would forget me after all. That afternoon I got leave to walk with Grace Arnold, a day girl. We passed my home: no faces were at its windows, 'twas all shut up. We came to the wall which went round our garden: all was silent. "Ah, *we* shall never play there again, Duck!" I said aloud. Fancy my surprise, when I was answered by the most pitiful whine you ever heard.

William. What! had they left him to starve there at last, mother?

Mama. They had *forgotten* him, Willie; but he knew my voice, though we could not see each other, and barked impatiently. Grace's guardian refused to let a servant scale the wall. My governess satisfied herself, by saying that I only *fancied* he was there; for nobody would be so *cruel* as to shut a puppy in the garden of a void house. So there was the creature I had saved, and accustomed to comfort, perishing for want. I resolved to write to my family, that some one might open the gate and set him free: yet that might be too late. If dogs could think, how unkind he must have fancied me, who, all this while, could not sleep for my anxiety to rescue him. The next day, when Grace came, I whispered, "Do you think he is still alive?"

"I do," answered she, shyly, and slyly too. "But how hungry he must be!" said I. "Not very," replied Grace. I was all curiosity; but we were seen talking, and made sit apart from each other. For three hours I remained in suspense. As soon as study was over, I ran to Grace, and asked what she had meant. "Why, Helen," she began, "last night I contrived,—but you must get leave to come with me after school, and I'll show you how I manage." "My dear Grace!" cried I, kissing her, "such kindness for a dog you never saw"— "Ah, but Duck has a *good character*," observed Grace: d'ye think, Willie, that I can ever forget those words? Together we went to the very lane where I had found my dog. Grace left me calling him while she fetched his food. She soon returned with a basket. "You *may* fling scraps over to him," said I; "but what is he to do when he is thirsty?" "Wait and see," replied Grace, taking out a saucer, tied round with string, to which three other strings were fastened at equal distances, and met in a knot above, where they joined a ball of twine. "Here 's bread and milk," said I; "but how are we to give it to him?" Grace went to a hedge, where she had hidden the long prop of a clothes-line: into its forked end she put the twine, near the knot, unwinding the ball close to the pole, which we held up, very steadily, till the

saucer was over the wall, when Grace, sliding more of the twine gently through her hand, let down my dog's meal on the other side. His joyous cries assured us that it landed safely; and I delighted myself by fancying his looks and capers.

William. And who taught Grace this clever plan, Ma?

Mama. When we wish to do a good action, darling, God often teaches us *how*, and furnishes us with the means. Grace's consistent and thoughtful pity was a proof of this. "Twice every day," she went on, "I can come here. I won't give him bones that have much meat on them yet; but, now and then, I'll mix a little sulphur with his milk: for dogs behave so well about taking medicine, as quite to shame cowardly children. The weather is warm —I have flung over an old mat, which I dare say he will drag to some shelter for a bed. Perhaps, in time, he will be strong enough to climb the wall.' She drew up the now empty saucer, and again hid the pole. "Good bye, dear Duck!" cried I; and, as if he knew he was to lose my voice, he barked, snuffed, and scratched against the wall so, that I could not bear the sounds, and turned sadly away.

William. How shocking it must be to lose one's liberty, and be shut from one's friends! Mother, if ever I am a prisoner, I hope I shall be as inno-

cent a one as poor Duck was, and find as much comfort as he did.

Mama. You would possess comforts which only human beings can enjoy, my Willie; for, though animals have fewer sorrows than ourselves, they have also less happiness, and are not supported when they suffer as are we, to whom God has given reason, which teaches us patience and courage.

William. It must have seemed hard that you could not *see* Duck.

Mama. The next day I stole out alone to attempt a peep, and had actually found a slippery footing in the wall, when a servant of the school caught me: she described my conduct as fit only for a boy, and very dangerous to my clothes and to myself. This was true, and kindly meant. I felt ashamed of a selfish rashness which would only have tormented my dog, and might have got Grace into a scrape, in return for all her goodness; nay, perhaps deprived her of the power to feed our captive in future. I was forbidden to go out any more, except when I walked with the school. Ah! then how provoking it used to be for me to pass the garden, without daring even to call poor Duck! My governess would not let me trouble my family *about such a trifle;* but Grace, not being a boarder, could still, at certain hours, visit her pensioner. She conveyed him water, hay, and all sorts of comforts;

but I remember one night, in which there was a heavy rain, I lay awake, fancying that I heard his howl upon the breeze, and all my fears for his life returned. He had lived on Grace's alms for above a fortnight, during which time, though the *novelty* of her charge was over, she had allowed no pleasure to tempt her from her duty. One day she came to me in fear and sorrow:—"Helen," she began, "my guardian, last night, made me tell the whole history of poor Duck to a sporting friend of his. I spoke from your description; and this gentleman threatens to have a ladder taken to the wall, and fetch the dog away: he says you ought to feel obliged to him, for he will use Duck kindly, and give you a guinea if his prize proves worth it; but have him he will, whether we like it or no."

William. Set Duck free, and treat him well? Yet—no! you could never like to give him up, and for *money* too!

Mama. No, my boy; I did nothing but cry, which was very wrong, and of no use; but Grace begged that I might go with her, to feed my pet once more, before he was taken from me for ever. She was so good a girl, that, for her sake, I was given leave. At the garden wall we found a pair of steps, placed there for the sportsman. Grace looked half pleased and half afraid, as she said to me, "Just mount and show yourself, Helen; then come

down and leave the rest to me." I obeyed, and never did I see such wild delight as that of poor Duck. "Now 'tis my turn," said Grace; "let's see if I can't make him happier still." She took my place, but, instead of food, let down nothing but a long broad ribband, with a running noose at the end of it. "What's that for?" asked I. "D'ye think he never wants any thing to *play* with?" was her reply. I stood watching her as she threw the ribband to and fro, now with a look of hope, and now with one of vexation, calling—"Hey, Duck! to it, boy!—not your neck, fool; I don't want to hang you:—so, that's it, my fine fellow!—Helen, hold your apron!" I did so—Grace pulled the ribband—I heard a yelp, and the next moment my dog was on the wall: he had walked into the noose, little guessing what was going to happen, and was drawn up unhurt.

William. The dear Duck! Was he grown and fat, mama?

Mama. He was. He saw me, and sprang into my lap, licking off my tears of joy, and only escaping to run round me, barking, wagging his tail, and playing off all his antics, as if to shew me that he had forgotten nothing which I had taught him.

William. How you must have loved Grace Arnold!

Mama. I did; and called Duck, bidding him love

her too, as his best friend; but not for all the world would I have parted with him, even to her. "No, no!" I cried, "I won't lose you again, sir; he shan't be taken from his mistress any more." "'Twould be a shame if he were," said a voice from behind us. I looked up, and saw a gentleman in a shooting dress. "Hark ye, child!" said he; "I've long wanted such a dog as that; but you need not hug him so, I'm not going to steal him. I'll go with you to your governess; and if she will find a shelter for the spaniel, why I'll pay the charge of his keep myself." "Oh no, sir!" said I; "your good word at school will be enough." His blunt persuasion induced my governess to receive poor Duck. The next winter he proved useful as a house-dog. He defended us from cattle in our walks, and continued ever faithful, affectionate, and amusing. He appeared to know that Grace had befriended him when he could not help himself; but, what was strange, nothing could teach him to take to the water. One would almost have fancied, as one looked in his face, that he would have said, if he could, "No, thank you; I've had enough of that: one such ducking shall last me my life." Grace was sorry to part with us, when she left school for a distant county; and though we have never seen or heard of one another since, I still remember her with gratitude. Duck travelled every where

with me. I made him as comfortable as I could to the very last; and when, at a great age for a dog, he died——

William. Oh, how you must have missed him! Didn't you cry?

Mama. No, my Willie; for by that time I had *another* pet.

William. But what other could you love so? What other could you have done and suffered so much for?

Mama. Yourself, my son. While you are with me I shall never want my dog, though I shall never forget him. But come, you have been a very quiet listener, considering that my story was not about papa.

William. 'Twas a nice story though, and I want to tell him all the *advice* in it; so let us go to him, and bring him home between us.

Mama. What, you *must* go with me then, must you?

William. Aye, every where, while I'm good. He *would* wonder to see you without *me*. I am the Duck now, you know; and, in time, I may defend and protect you both.

ENIGMA.

I WISH to describe, to my young friends, the characters of three gentlemen, whom they are perfectly well acquainted with, and in the habit of meeting constantly during the winter. They are bred to the bar, and all their dependants are connected with that profession also. As they have some qualifications in common, I shall mention them first, before I enter upon their individual merits. Though sometimes rough and uncouth, they are generally neat in their appearance, and possess the polish of high-bred gentlemen, for which they deserve no inconsiderable praise, as their birth is very lowly; to be sure, the greatest pains, toil, and trouble, have been taken in their education, and in forming them for the sphere in which they now move. I say toil and trouble, because they were, in their infancy, very untractable, and it required unremitting attention and pains to make an impression upon them: however, they are now much improved, and are become such universal favourites, that there is scarcely a house in town or country which they do not visit; and so little pride have they, that they do not scorn to be inmates of kitchens, kindly lending their aid to the cook. Yet, notwithstanding this condescension,

they retain their natural untractableness, and are sometimes said to be as hard as steel in their dispositions. In form they are not much alike: one being slender throughout, one broad across the shoulders, and the other rather flat and wide about the feet.

The slender one is the greatest favourite with those who love cheerfulness, for he often succeeds in enlivening the fireside, though sometimes, unfortunately, notwithstanding the greatest efforts, his endeavours end in smoke; but this failure may, generally, be attributed to other causes than his want of ability. His employment causes him to soil his feet; but he sometimes keeps a poor relative to perform the dirty part of his business for him.

His broad-shouldered brother is not quite so active; indeed, he sometimes passes whole days without exerting himself. His usual employment is to find subjects on which his brother is to plead: and though his business is not of the cleanest kind, I think he very seldom has a substitute: indeed, he claims so little attention from any one, that he might very well be dispensed with, as the third brother could do all his work for him.

This third brother seems to have more pride than the other two; for, though some of his acquaintances are very humble, he has a particular inclination to be associated with the *great*, whose ashes he often disturbs, with what view I cannot tell, unless it be

to create a noise in the world, and, as we may say, (though not very elegantly,) *to kick up a dust among us.* Being economical and saving, he is an esteemed friend of the penurious.

It is rather singular that these relations seldom come in contact with each other without clashing violently, and raising their voices against one another; yet are they very seldom separated, living together in chambers. They usually dress alike, sometimes wearing a whitish dress, and sometimes a yellow one: and, I believe, lately they have adopted a habit of a bronze colour; but this suit they keep for their grand acquaintances. They are very capricious in the fashion of their habiliments, which are often exceedingly plain and neat, and, at other times, are much ornamented. The broad-footed one has, not unfrequently, an odd fancy of wearing little holes in his shoes, arranged in divers queer ways, which, I am told, he finds useful when employed in the service of the *great.*

I have said these brothers visit the cottage: they are also inmates of the palace, and I dare say that royalty itself sometimes shakes hands with them.— Adieu, my young friends: I hope you will never lose their friendship, nor be wanting in the means to make their services useful to you.

THE FIRE IRONS.

THE MOTHER'S LESSON.

How oft I wish her yet alive,
  Whose aspect meek is pictured there*,—
That she might know the froward Child,
At book so dull, in sport so wild,
  Remembers still her care.

She told me,—but I dared to doubt,—
  'Twas for my profit, not her own;
And that she should be amply fee'd,
If she might live to see the seed
  Spring up which she had sown.

Death would not wait for her desire:
  My mother's last tears fell o'er me;
But, like the showers upon the earth,
They fell to call the virtue forth,
  Hid in my memory,—

Of all the lessons which she gave
  In wisdom, to her foolish Girl;—
So mild, when I was idly dull,
So patient, when my head was full
  Of play, and in a whirl.

And much it soothes my deep remorse
  That o'er *my* sin she mourn'd in death,
To feel that now I keep her law,
And prize what seem'd not worth a straw
  But to her hope and faith.

* See the Frontispiece.

Forsake not, Child, thy Mother's law:
  Through life's dark maze 't will safely guide,
Will guard thee in thy midnight rest,
And, when thou wakest, be a guest
  Conversing at thy side.*

And thou, the Mother of a Boy
  That straight forgets whate'er he hears,
Faint not—thy lessons do but sleep:
Who sow in tears, in joy shall reap
  Full sheaves and shining ears.

Sweet is young promise; but, alas!
  How swiftly fade quick-springing flowers!
From life's first impulse to its last,
An insect's history is pass'd
  In one day's sun-lit hours:

But, as from acorns, buried long,
  Those large enduring oaks began,
So truths we scarcely seem'd to hear
In giddy childhood, re-appear
  Illustrious in the man.

Then, Mothers, teach in faith and hope:
  The heart is touch'd without the will,—
Touch'd, ere the world has made it stone:
I learn,—myself a Mother grown,—
  My MOTHER'S LESSONS still.

* See Proverbs vi. 20, 22.

SKETCHES OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THE FOX.

In the rugged copse, in the ferny brake,
The cunning red Fox his den doth make;
In the ancient turf of the baron's land,
Where the knarled oaks of the forest stand;
In the widow's garden so lonesome and bare;
On the hills which the poor man tills with care;
There, ages ago, he made his den,
And there he abideth in spite of men.
'Tis a dismal place, for all the floor
With the bones of his prey is cover'd o'er;
'Tis darksome and lone, you can hardly trace
The farthest nook of the dreary place;
And there he skulks like a creature of ill,
And comes out when midnight is dark and still;
When the dismal owl, with his staring eye,
Sends forth from the ruin his screeching cry,
And the bat on his black leathern wing goes by:
Then comes out the fox with his thievish mind,
Looking this way, and that way, before and behind;
Then running along, thinking but of the theft
Of the one little hen the poor widow has left:—

And he boldly and carelessly passes her shed;
For he knows, very well, she is sleeping in bed:
And she has not a dog to give notice of foes;
So he seizes his prey, and home leisurely goes.

And at times he steals down to the depths of the wood,
And seizes the partridge in midst of her brood;
And the tall stately pheasant so gentle and fair,
And the little grey rabbit, and young timid hare;
And he buries them deep, in some secret spot,
Where he knows man or hound can discover them not.

But vengeance comes down on the thief at length:
For they hunt him out from his place of strength;
And man and the fox are at desperate strife,
And the creature runs, and runs for his life;
And following close is the snuffing hound:
And hills and hollows they compass round;
Till at length he is seized, a catiff stout,
And the wild dogs bark, and the hunters shout;
And they cut off his tail, and wave it on high,
Saying, "Here fell the fox so thievish and sly!"
Thus may all oppressors of poor men die!
Then again mounts each hunter, and all ride away,
And have a good dinner to end the day;
And they drink the red wine, and merrily sing,
"Death to the Fox, and long life to the King!"

THE WOOD-MOUSE.

D' ye know the little wood-mouse?
That pretty little thing,
That sits among the forest leaves,
Or by the forest spring?

Its fur is red, like the red chesnut,
And it is small and slim;
It leads a life most innocent,
Within the forest dim.

'Tis a timid, gentle creature,
And seldom comes in sight;
It has a long and wiry tail,
And eyes both black and bright.

It makes its bed of soft, dry moss,
In a hole that 's deep and strong;
And there it sleeps, secure and warm,
The dreary winter long.

And though it keeps no calendar,
It knows when flowers are springing;
And it waketh to its summer life,
When the nightingale is singing.

Upon the boughs the squirrel plays,
The wood-mouse plays below;

And plenty of food he finds for himself,
Where the beech and chesnut grow.

He sits in the hedge-sparrow's nest,
When its summer brood is fled;
And picks the berries from the bough
Of the hawthorn overhead.

And I saw a little wood-mouse once,
Like Oberon, in his hall;
With the green, green moss beneath his feet,
Sit under a mushroom tall.

I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree,—
His dinner of chesnut ripe and red;
And he ate it heartily.

I wish you could have seen him there;
It did my spirit good,
To see the small thing God had made
Thus eating in the wood.

I saw that God regardeth them,
Those creatures weak and small:
Their table in the wild is spread
By Him who cares for all.

THE NEW MAMA.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

"WELL, there's home at last!" sighed Philip Cecil, as the chaise, which brought him from Eton, came in sight of his father's house.

He was a fine lad of fourteen, the only son of a gentleman who had been eighteen months a widower. This was the first vacation in which Philip had visited London since his mother's death, though he had met his father and sister elsewhere.

"What a sad Christmas it will be, without poor mama!" he thought; "but I shall give papa and Tessy a pleasant surprise, by being a day before my promised time. Ah, Giles!" he said, springing from the chaise, as a servant opened the door; "Where's my father?" "Not at home, sir," answered Mrs. Giles; "but you're welcome back, though I wish you had not come till to-morrow, as *then*, I hope, master *may* be here to meet you. Poor dear little miss and I returned yesterday; but we've seen nothing of him. She's not of an age to feel it yet. Here she is!" Philip kissed his little sister, and hurried to the nursery, where Giles, wiping her eyes, continued, "'Tis some comfort that she will still have *you* to love her, Master Philip;" he started.

"Is papa ill?" he asked, then went on—"Ah, he has fretted in solitude, and I might often have consoled him by letters, while I have been wasting my time." "Dutiful young gentleman!" cried Giles; "but master's well enough, and in good spirits, I hear: he has not been lonely, and when he *is* at home he gets plenty of letters, that console him more than his own son's could do now." "Speak with respect of my father before me, Giles," said Philip gravely. "I must speak out, for all that, sir," she replied; "for 'tis no secret."

"What can you mean?" demanded the boy. Nurse Giles explained.

"Why, that your papa has passed most of his time, for above a year, with Mr. and Mrs. Elmer, and *her* sister, at the Vicarage. Poor old Parson May died soon after we lost dear missis."

"Ah, yes; and I remember," observed Philip, "though 'tis eight years ago, the children's ball at which I met them. Mrs. Elmer's little sister Ida, a nice girl, danced with me; 'twas her tenth birthday. I've never seen her since. She must be tall enough for a gentleman's partner now." Giles fairly groaned. "Oh, if your blessed mother that 's dead and gone," she cried, "could hear me now, she'd know that, while I *do* stay here, I'll uphold *her* memory above all the Ida Mays in the world."

"Who is comparing *her* with my mother?" asked

Philip. "One that should know better, your own father," Giles replied: "the new house is taken, *she* is to bring her own cross old housekeeper. I've got warning, because I said that if master *would* take a second wife, he need not have chosen a pennyless girl, who is young enough to be my poor missis's daughter: and before the week is out, children, you will have a mother-in-law, who won't love ye as your own *ma* did; but will steal your father's heart from ye, and bring other little ones to rob you of your own." "I'm sure I shall hate her," lisped Letitia. "That's right, my love," said Giles. "Nay, Tessy," cried Philip; "no step-dame shall harm you while I live; sure papa's too kind to set a cruel stranger over our heads. You shall go back to Lady Hayward." "I won't go, she governs me so," exclaimed the child. "I'm sure that's more than your own mama could ever do then," answered her brother. "But then, Phil, she *was* my own mama," Letitia replied. Philip could not reason with such a child, and he *did* think his father's conduct astonishingly foolish and unnatural, *because* he was too young to comprehend its motives. The next day he expected Mr. Cecil's return, but received only the following note:

"My dear boy!

"I suppose Giles has told you all she thinks; but I make sure that, in spite of the remarks of a

servant, so good a son and brother as my Philip will feel that I have consulted my children's happiness, in once more giving them a home, with a mistress at its head. You must be aware of the advantages Letitia will derive from again having a mother's eye to watch over her; and I know *you* will find it no difficulty to behave politely towards the lady who is now my wife. We shall send the carriage for you both to-morrow, when you will be welcomed to our new abode, by your affectionate father,

"FRANCIS CECIL."

Poor Philip was startled. It appeared that he was expected to rejoice at this shocking event, and even to feel grateful towards the bride. "It is done, however," he thought; "and I must bear it as well as I can." But it was with a trembling heart, and a flushed cheek, that, the next day, he stepped before Giles, who led the sobbing Letitia into the presence of their mother-in-law. Mr. Cecil embraced his children with strong affection; but Philip remained cold, and his sister sulky. "Look up, my dears," said their father; "here is your future mother." Philip obeyed, and beheld a kind young face bending over his, with tearful eyes. "Mr. Philip," she began, "we were friends in childhood; and, I hope" —her voice faltered, as she pressed his hand fondly, saying to her husband, "How like *you* he is! Your true heir, indeed." Philip was pleased: for his fa-

ther was a very fine man; and this did not sound as if Ida came to rob them of their rights. She then turned to Letitia, and remarked, "*This* darling has her dear mama's name written on her brow. Will you not kiss me, my own Letitia?" "No, I won't," the child answered; "for I'm not your own, and I don't love you." "But *I* love *you*," sighed Mrs. Cecil. "I don't believe you;" cried the bold little girl. "Hush, Tessy!" exclaimed Mr. Cecil; "your mama has some good news for you; she has begged that Giles may not be sent away." Ida smilingly added, "If she would like to stay with a new mistress—" Giles dropped a curtsey, and replied, "I should like to stay with the poor child, if you please, ma'am." Her mistress then rang for her own housekeeper, a clever, affectionate old woman, who led Giles and her charge to the nursery, as Mr. Cecil rose to go out. Philip begged leave to walk with him, but was told that he must stay and keep his mama company.

They were left together, and Philip felt very uncomfortable; but his young step-mother treated him as if he had been quite a man: she showed him her books, asked his opinion of her drawings, played and sung to him, doing all this with such an anxiety to please, such a consciousness of not yet being loved, that the generous boy began to pity the lady he had been so much inclined to fear and to dislike. At

last, as she moved to fetch something fresh for his entertainment, he could not forbear throwing his arms around her, and saying fondly, "Shall you and I ever dance together again, Ida?" then checking himself, he added, "I beg pardon, ma'am." "Oh, never say ma'am to me!" she replied, in delight: "Call me Ida still, and teach Letitia to do so too; and, since I am not old enough to be your mother, treat me as an elder sister—only love me! for your dear father will be so uneasy if we don't all live in peace together." Philip kissed her with tears of joy, and ran to tell all this in the nursery.

Giles confessed that "she *had* felt ashamed, on learning that the new lady had pleaded for her so forgivingly; she must say, she liked her simple dress; it looked as if, though she brought no fortune, she did not come to spend one." "And it *is* a *pretty* little mama, to be sure," said Letitia. Philip's heart was at rest.

He soon found in Ida not only a gay companion, but a valuable instructress; and even Letitia was quite clever enough to see that she never had so *mild* a mama before. Whenever she committed any fault which forced Ida to look serious, Letitia had only to say, "Ah, you don't love me, you're not my own mama!" and poor Ida was conquered. She became the slave of these humours, but concealed them as much as possible from her husband and his

son, though both of them shortly began to find Letitia more unmanageable than ever.

Giles too perceived that she had *indeed* a new and tyrannical mistress, though in the person of a girl not yet eight years of age. 'Tis true Ida taught her to ask civilly for all she wanted; but this did not prevent her asking for things to which she had no right, and persevering, at the most inconvenient seasons, till her requests were granted. Mr. Cecil suspected that his wife did not exert sufficient authority; but he was himself of an easy temper, and too much engaged out of doors to guess the full extent of this mischief. Ida was so domestic, so industrious and economical, so intelligent, accomplished, and unaffected a young creature, that he thought it but natural his children should make a dutiful return for her affection, and obey *her* as *she* obeyed *him*. The ill effects of her amiable weakness were, however, fortunately betrayed to him in time.

One evening they expected Mr. and Mrs. Elmer. Mr. Cecil was writing, Philip reading, the new mama at work, with Letitia, as usual, on her lap, and clinging to a string of garnets, which hung round her neck. Mr. Cecil, without looking up, called to his wife, "Come and tell me if this letter meets *your* wishes." "Certainly," she replied, "this instant." Then whispered, "Tessy, you are too heavy, I can't carry you; let me go love!"

"No, ma." "But papa wants me, dear; so be good now, loose your fingers from the clasp, and I'll leave the beads with you." "You only say that to coax me," cried the pet. Mr. Cecil again spoke; "Never mind *her*, Ida, 'tis nearly time this should be sent." "Coming, sir! Tessy, sweetest, get down!" Letitia found that her mama must go, yet she would not quit her hold: she jumped off Ida's lap, however; and, of course, snap went the string, and down rolled the beads about the floor. Ida uttered a sudden exclamation, almost under her breath; but the next moment, without a word of reproof, she was at her husband's side, saying, "I beg pardon, but now—" Mr. Cecil raised his eyes, and asked, "Why did you humour that girl by giving her your necklace?" "I did not—exactly"—faltered Ida. "Where is it then?" "Oh, never mind now, you were speaking of the letter." "Has then Letitia broken —" persevered Mr. Cecil. "Only by accident; Philip will help me to pick them up, presently: they are of no value." "Except that *I* gave them to you," observed Mr. Cecil. "How came they in her hands?" "She happened to be sitting on my knee." "She always *happens* to be where she should not; and you, at least, Ida, are old enough to know that 'tis time she should be cured of that babyish trick. Philip, ring for lights." "Not yet," cried Ida, in haste, attempting to draw

a shawl over her shoulders; but Letitia had climbed a chair, and, again throwing her arms about Mrs. Cecil, cried, "Pretty little ma Ida, beg papa not to be angry with us young ones." Giles entered with candles. Mr. Cecil gently, but firmly, removed the child's arms; the light fell on them, they were marked with blood. "Are *you* hurt, darling?" asked Ida. "Yes, no, I can't tell, but look!" screamed Letitia. Philip wiped away the stain, not a scratch was beneath it; but, in Letitia's wilfulness, the clasp of the beads had torn Ida's throat, which bled profusely. She had hoped to escape with Letitia before Mr. Cecil saw the truth. He turned pale as he said quickly, "See what you have done, miss; quit my sight this instant." Crying heartily, she obeyed. Mr. Cecil, in trembling silence, applied remedies to the wound. "'Tis but skin deep," said Ida, carelessly. "I know *that*," he answered gravely. "And all my own fault," she continued. "I know that too, Ida." "O papa," burst forth Philip, "she has lost her beads, and got a sad scar; surely she is sufficiently punished." "Dear boy, do *you* then think me to blame?" asked Ida. "Have not you just owned it?" asked Philip, kissing her. "True; I said—any thing to screen my child." "My dear missis," said Giles, who had stayed to assist her master, "you are spoiling Miss Tessy; she quite governs you; her own mother could scarce keep down that

spirit of her's, though *she* was a positive lady, of twice your experience; but now, if I attempt to be strict with the child, she threatens to tell her mama, and have me turned away; for she says she loves the housekeeper best, because the kind old soul helps you to mar her temper, by your over fondness." "That 's enough, Giles; you may go now," said her master. "Ah, well!" said Giles, "I think I 've a right to speak, Sir; for I can 't bear to see good-nature imposed upon. I meant no offence." And she left the room.

"Now tell me truly, Ida," Mr. Cecil continued, "would you thus indulge a child of your own?" "No, but my own child would never have had a dearer mother. I should have a right." "You have been given rights, which it is your duty to exert," replied her husband: "this false kindness will ruin our peace, and either so soften that girl's disposition as to unfit her for the rougher parts of life, which she *must* meet, or it will render her insufferably rude and violent." "O sir!" said Philip, "indeed mama takes great pains not only to advance my sister in her studies, but to make her amiable and religious." "I *know* she does," his father answered, "at certain hours, but at other times they are play-fellows; and it is of no use our giving children good precepts, if we do not enforce their practice by a proper example. Be-

cause you saw that my children had fallen into the vulgar error, of supposing that mothers-in-law are always harsh, you run into extremes; but the reverse of wrong is not always right. They were severely controlled by their own mother; you have as much judgment as she had, nor was she less tender-hearted than yourself. If your father had brought you up as you are now mismanaging *my* girl, you would not have been the sensible, excellent woman which you are. If you would have *their* spirits smile on you, if you would prove your love for us all, you must do violence to your own meekness; and since Letitia will not be governed by gentle reason, she must, for a while, be forced to fear correction. Philip is grateful and obedient, not selfish, obstinate, and jealous." "But he is almost a man," said Ida; "it was such a privilege for me to nurse your little girl, to make her love me." "Love you!" exclaimed her husband; "how has she proved it? What am I to expect, who have already seen Letitia Cecil with my Ida's blood upon her hands?" He hid his face and shuddered. Philip was frightened at a violence so unusual to his father; but Ida whispered, "Dear Frank, *that* was an *evil* thought, indeed it was; see, you have made my son unhappy by your anger with poor Tessy." "You hear how she lectures *me*, Phil." said his father, laughingly endeavouring to compose himself.

"Yes," answered Ida, "for ideas which, had I not rendered your child unruly, could never have entered your head. Come now, we will *be* and *do* all you wish: let us scramble up those unlucky garnets, 'twill be quite an amusement for me to string them again; you know I prize them, Cecil, though I *did* say——" They collected the scattered treasures before the Elmers arrived; the letter was sent. "Our daughter may wait on you at tea as usual?" said Ida: her husband nodded, and the warm-hearted brother hurried to fetch the offender.

It was Ida's rule never to speak severely to any one before visitors; she was, therefore, grateful for the presence of her sister, yet anxious to give some proof of firmness. The little girl hesitated at the door; her mama called her:—"Letitia!" she began, seriously; then, looking in the child's face, added, in her own soft voice, "but you have been crying." "Yes," answered Letitia, looking at them all; "but I'll never again make papa and you cry too." "Naughty girls," remarked her father, smiling, "are always making their elders look ashamed of themselves." Ida went on: "You have given us both great pain, Tessy." "What, did I hurt *him* too?" asked the child, who knew of no worse pain than that of a bodily wound. "You have hurt his feelings, and caused me much trouble." "Oh! I will help you to

thread them," returned Letitia, still mistaking her mama's meaning, who said, "I was not thinking of my poor neck nor of my necklace; I only wish you, in future, to be more obedient to my commands." "Yes, in future, ma; but you never *commanded* me *yet*," answered Letitia. "You must not wait, then, for what you call commands, but do all I *request*, and never fancy that I am not in earnest because I cannot speak unkindly." "Oh!" cried Letitia, "the kinder you speak the more I will mind you. I 'm very sorry to have done such harm: my own mama would have punished me for it." "And so must mama Ida, if her Tessy behaves ill again. Is that enough, Mr. Cecil?" Ida demanded. "Pretty well for a first attempt," he said. "Then you will kiss your own Letitia, papa?" added his wife. He took the child to his heart, and all was happiness once more.

Ida and Letitia never forgot this lesson; and often, when Miss Cecil was an elegant and worthy young woman, did she say, with grateful sincerity, "O my best friend! how I bless you for having restrained me in time; how miserable I should have been, how wretched I should have made all who loved me, if I had been longer allowed to take advantage of your affection! While Philip, and our younger brothers and sisters are so well ordered, how ashamed my dear mother-in-law would have been of her *only* spoilt child!"

THE REDBREAST, THE WREN, AND THE TITMOUSE.

A FABLE.

High birth, and wealth, may show inherit;
But wisdom is the test of merit.

A Robin and a Wren together
Sat gazing at the winter's weather,
For o'er the wide and houseless wold,
Had blown the night-storm loud and cold;
And when the light of morning rose,
'Twas o'er a trackless waste of snows:
The driving rain and pelting blast
Had stript the light leaves as they pass'd,
And left their coverts bleak and bare,
And open to the searching air;
So when the storm had ceased its blowing,
And the unpitying cloud its snowing,
And they could leave the sheltering nooks,
And look beyond the hollow brooks,
They met to talk, and thus exprest
The feelings in each other's breast:

"Since last we sought the bowery spot
That shades the farmer's low-roof'd cot,
Singing our chaunt, when summer showers
Were precious to the trees and flowers,

We have not, with the yellow leaves,
Been nestling on the cottage eaves,
Warbling the happy song, that tells
The story of spring's flowery dells;
And all that lives, and all that beams,
Through memory and her thousand dreams,
To soothe the shepherd's lonely rest,
And be the sunshine of his breast.

" Oh! if there be, while wandering here,
A charm, to feeling hearts more dear
Than all that comes to sorrowing men
In weary life's dull road,—'tis when
Feet stretch to feet, in friendly walk,
Or souls in sweet communion talk,
And find the glow of earth and skies
Made brighter by their sympathies:
For whispering friends, when life is dear,
Make music to the listening ear,
And wisdom's words most sweetly blend
Instruction with a social friend;—
Then if the cheering song we sing
Be welcome in the hours of spring,
And in the wintry storm there be
Endearment in our minstrelsy,
Why turn we not from this bleak plain
To seek the farmer's cot again?"

A Titmouse who, just fledged last spring,
Knew only how to plume his wing,
A young, pert, vain, and upstart bird,
Stood listening, and, from what he heard,
Ventured to tell self-love had shown
No merit could surpass his own:
"If," said he, "in yon cottage-home
You seek, now winter's storms have come,
To shelter from the bleak cold air,
I, too, shall find a welcome there;
For late I heard the children saying,
When 'mid the garden-blossoms playing,
That never bird, 'mid leaves and flowers,
Came to them in their summer hours,
With fairer form, or lovelier mien,
Than I, in dress of azure green:—
If there your feebler beauties bring
Remembrance of the sunny spring;
Or o'er thought's faëry visions throw
Autumn's rich tints, and summer's glow;
In these my varied plumes appear
The changing livery of the year;
My charms shall then all your's outshine,
And the best praise be surely mine."

The Robin would have made reply;
But just then there came sweeping by,
And raving loud, and whistling shrill,
O'er the bleak summit of the hill,

The driving sleet and snowy rain,
To swell the lurid storm again :
So they departed, helter-skelter,
To nestle in the nearest shelter.

The night pass'd with its chill repose ;
The day-spring from its slumber rose ;
The " milk-maid caroll'd o'er her pail ;"
The busy thresher plied his flail ;
Forth from the thatch-roof'd cottage broke
The curl'd wreath of the chimney smoke,
And bustling sounds of rustic life,
Came merrily from the stirring wife ;
And mix'd with these was shrilly heard
The sweet song of the winter bird.

The meal-time came, the board was spread ;
The bacon slice, the barley bread,
The porridge-milk, the nappy drink,
Reaming its white froth o'er the brink,
Gather'd the household creatures there,
To seat them at their morning fare.
There was the prattler wild with glee,
Feeding upon its mother's knee ;
And Jack and Jenny comb'd for school,
Perch'd jointly on the wooden stool ;
And Madge, the cotter's first-born pride,
Attending by her father's side :

The sheep-dog, too, stood by caressing,
And watch'd to share the farmer's blessing;
And then came, in his russet coat,
The Robin, with his sweet clear note,
Picking the moist crumbs from the floor,
A wanderer in the storms no more,
Attended by the tiny Wren,
His mate amid the haunts of men.

But where's the Titmouse? why comes not
The boaster to the farmer's cot,
To win all hearts and charm all eyes,
And make his humble friends despise
Those duller plumes that never shone
With glitter rivalling yet his own?
He came indeed, but comes no more
The boaster that he came before.
We heard the Redbreast's cheering lays
Earn from each voice the meed of praise;—
Heard them applaud the witching strain,
And wish his wild-wood notes again.
But *he*, as all the worth he bore
Was only in the plumes he wore,
Was caught; and, oh! disgrace and shame!
Condemn'd to be an infant's game;
But, getting free the following day,
Found out the door and flew away.

(

"

A

I'n

Bu

"

H

"

Fo

I'm t

Th

Wher

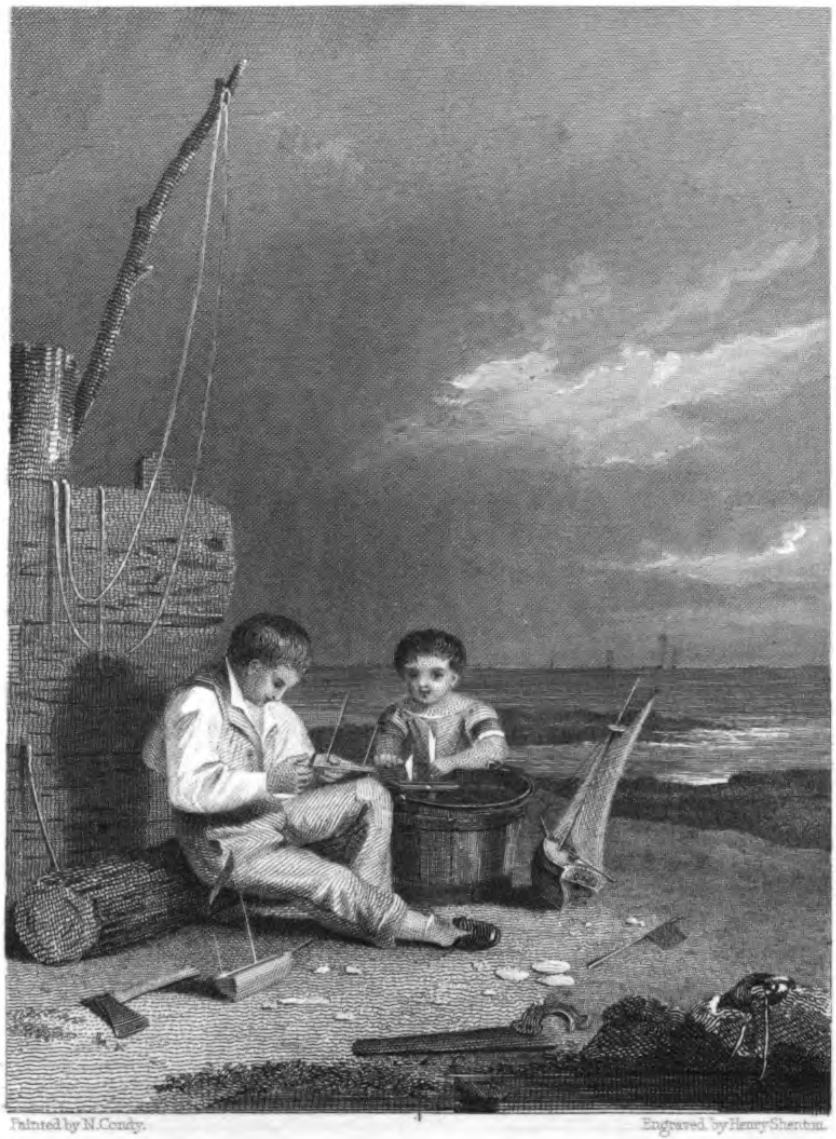
Wil

You'll

For

When,

And



Painted by N. Condy. Engraved by Henry Shenton.

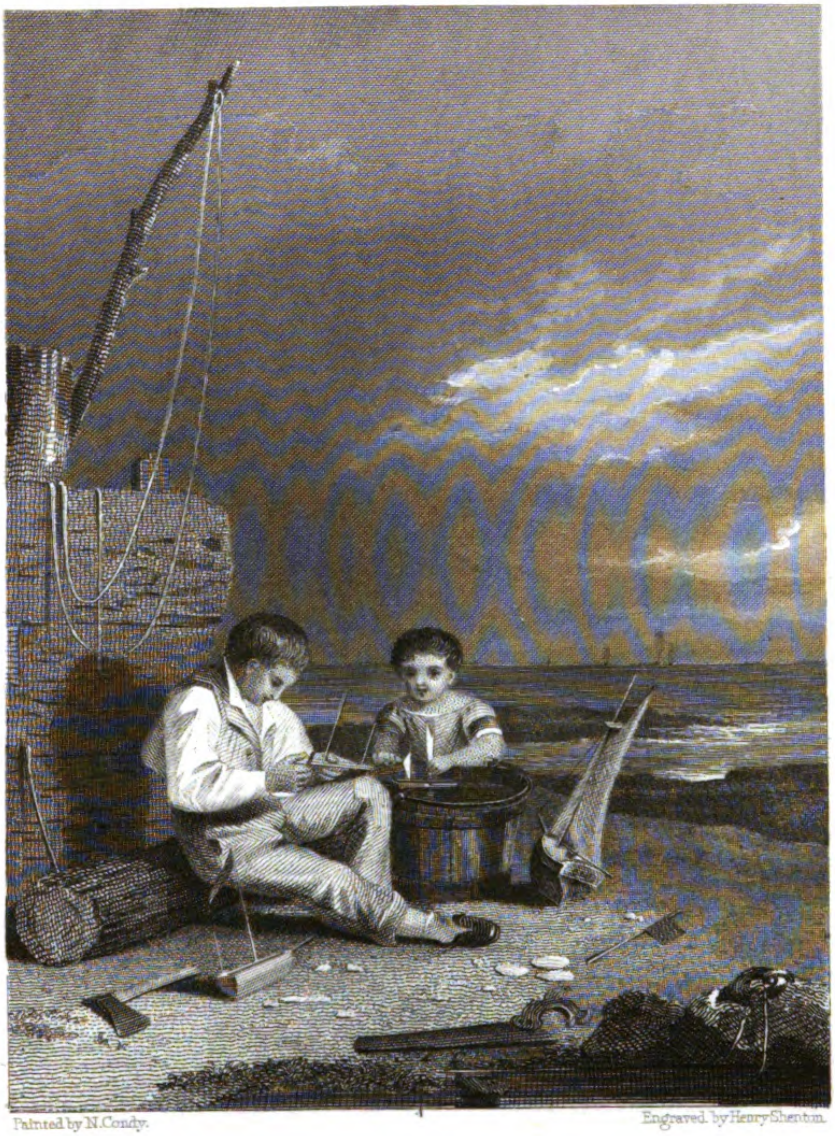
THE YOUNG SHRIMPERS

Published by W. Marshall [illegible]

THE YOUNG SHIPWRIGHTS.

BY MISS ISABEL HILL.

HER lips and eyes with wonder wide,
All curious admiration,
Close by her elder brother's side,
Young Janet takes her station.
"How fast you carve!" she cries; "how well!
You've built *one* ship complete,
And every rope by name can tell:
Why, soon we'll have a fleet!
I'm thinking what nice sport 'twill be!
The water looks so clear!
But, George! why don't you talk to me?
You're thinking too, my dear!"
"Yes, I *am* thinking, sister Jane!"
He said, with steadfast smiles,
"Of sailing on the stormy main,
For many thousand miles.
I'm thinking of the foreign climes,
The dangers I must brave,
When, to my dreams, *these* pleasant times
Will come, across the wave!
You'll think on *me* too, when I'm gone,
For years afar to roam,
When, day by day, I must toil on,
And never find a home;



Painted by N.Condy. Engraved. by Henry Shenton.

THE YOUNG SHIPWRIGHTS.

Published by W. Marshall 71, Holborn, Nov.1 1800.

Nor hear *your* voice, nor see your face,
My father's, nor my brother's;—
My *heart* won't quit your dwelling-place—
'Tis lock'd up in my mothers!
For her—for you—on board the Fame,
As I'm *almost* a man,
I'll earn a sailor's glorious name,
A fortune—if I can!
Yet mark me, child! and keep *my* words
In memory, and in prayer:
I'll never mingle with the herds
Who idly drink and swear;
But do my duty cheerfully,
In good or ill the same:—
What would my mother think of me
If I disgraced her name?
Still towards the Jane who *was* my own
My soul will fondly yearn,
Though *you'll* be changed, a woman grown,
Before I may return.
I shall be alter'd too, you'll find,
All bearded, rude, and black;
But—I *will* bring you the same *mind*,
If ever I come back.
And, wheresoe'er I'm drifted yet,
On dry land, or afloat,
I'll beg God's blessing on the pet
For whom I carved this boat!"

THE LAMENTATIONS OF OLD HOSPITALITY.

BY MRS. SHERWOOD.

WHETHER I am now about to relate a dream, an allegory, a tale of other times, or a mere creation of my own fancy, without any other object but the amusement of my reader, I am resolved by no means to acknowledge; for I love to avail myself of that free-will with which my character, as a writer, has invested me, and to exercise the ingenuity of my reader in any way which may suit me best, preserving to myself, at the same time, the privilege of laying the whole blame on his want of discernment, rather than on my own deficiency in skill, should it so happen that, in the progress of my narrative, he should fail of entering into my meaning, or should miss the moral or religious lesson which it is my intention to inculcate.

I was travelling late one summer's evening,—I will not say in what country or in what year, but merely that I was on foot, that I was alone, that I had lost my way, that I was fatigued and hungry, and that my journey lay where neither Red Lion, Green Dragon, Saracen's Head, Hand and Bottle, or Fiery-nosed Admiral, swinging and creaking in mid air, held forth the promise of good cheer, to all

such as could apply a golden key to the buttery or wine cask below.

On the contrary, my ill fortune had brought me into the centre of a wide heath, destitute of all fixed habitation of man, nor supplying any refuge whatever from the keen blasts which swept over its barren bosom, excepting in certain places where the sand, having drifted and settled, formed little hollows or basins, which were, at least by comparison, places of refuge from the caprices of the wind. Observing that the sun was about to set, and having little hope of reaching an inhabited region before the approach of night, I endeavoured to discover one of these hollows, many of which I had seen during the day, and at length found one to my liking, though not till the sun had dipped his golden disk beneath the horizon. It had often been my lot before that time to sleep upon the bare earth: I was therefore satisfied with my place of rest for the night; but I was hungry and thirsty, and had not wherewith to satisfy my appetite.

I descended, however, into the hollow, resolving to make the best of my situation till day dawn, which might be expected at a very early hour; but, believing myself to be entirely alone in this solitude, I was not a little astonished at seeing before me, at the very bottom of this desolate place, an exceedingly old and decrepit person seated upon the

ground. He had a long silver beard, and still retained a few scanty hairs, which were white as snow, upon his polished crown. His dress was threadbare, and his complexion, though pale, received a sort of lustre from the sparkling benevolence which irradiated his whole countenance.

He arose from his seat in the dust to welcome me, a brother wanderer, to his place of refuge; and, scarcely waiting till I had sat down by him, and explained as much of my situation as was necessary to account for my being in that place at such an hour, he produced a wallet, from which he drew a bottle of water and a dry crust, of which he pressed me to partake, with as much courtesy as would have served him had he been seated at the head of a royal banquet.

If the hard crust which the stranger offered was not particularly inviting, the water was as acceptable to me as if it had been nectar from the cup of Hebe. And, when I had partaken of it, I entered into discourse with my companion, and won so entirely upon his confidence, that he presently commenced a detail of his history: for it seems that he was very old, and had seen many changes during his eventful life. Though he spoke of himself, at that time, as being an outcast from society, and parted from all he loved on earth; yet he spoke with equanimity of all his trials, with the exception of one, which I shall hope

to explain hereafter, for it is my intention to give his history in his own words.

"I shall not attempt," said the old gentleman, (for, notwithstanding his threadbare habit, it was very evident that he who spoke had, in his day, associated with the very noblest of the human race,) "to particularize the events of my early life, or of my various wanderings in foreign lands; but shall speak only, at large, of what has happened to me in this country, where I once hoped to enjoy the sweets of rest and peace till the end of my days; for you must be informed, gentle sir," continued he, "that, although I now sit alone and solitary in the dust, alone as it refers to all those with whom I dwelt in the days that are past, I once was blessed in the society of two fair daughters, who were dearer to me than life itself.

"Parents are known to be partial: but surely, sir, my daughters were exceedingly lovely; and as it was their chief delight to administer to me, so was I never weary of gazing upon them. The eldest of these, because of the extraordinary purity of her complexion and the symmetry of her features, together with the perfection of her form, I called Simplicity; for in perfect beauty there is a simplicity which must strike every eye, neither can any charm be added to that which is, in its nature, faultless. To the second I gave the name of Elegance: she was

a twin with the first, and it was remarkable that neither of these was ever entirely happy in the absence of the other. I cannot so easily describe my younger daughter as I have done my elder: she was, indeed, passing fair; but her loveliness lay not so much in the tincture of her skin, the sparkling lustre of her eyes, or the correctness of her features, as in a certain air which shed itself over her whole person, and imparted itself to all she did and all she said. Such, good sir, were my children; and the time was, although it is long passed, when I dwelt with these, in my native place, in the perfect enjoyment of happiness. The place of our abode was called 'The Garden of Delight;' but the enemy broke in upon us, and, having torn my younger darling from my arms, turned me out into the wide world with my elder; yet not till grief and trouble had sullied the perfection of her beauty, and left little, in her outward appearance, that any one should desire or seek after.

"Yet still, in her altered state, she was dear to me as ever; and when our grief at the loss of her sister, and of our bowers of paradise, was somewhat abated, we enjoyed many pleasant hours together, and oftentimes dwelt with much contentment in such places as afforded us shelter for a shorter or longer period: and thus time passed on till we came to this country, my good sir. And it is

of my adventures in this land that I would willingly speak more at large; for here, in my advanced age, have I been made to feel what it is to be a wanderer and an outcast, in the strongest sense of the word. Here have I been robbed of the last of my beloved ones; and, to crown my misery, the cruel world has endeavoured to make me adopt a spurious daughter in the place of her whom I had formerly lost. This spurious daughter is called Ostentation: and she would have had me adopt her as my own, and see my own image renewed in her person; but I acknowledge no sympathy with her.

"When I first visited this land," continued the old man, "I found it a mere wilderness, covered with gloomy forests, on the borders of some of which were a few clusters of huts inhabited by wild men, who lived by the chase, neither sowing nor reaping, planting nor gathering. These forests were intersected by wastes, scattered with brambles, and overrun with furze and thistles. Nevertheless, we found ourselves entirely at home amongst the inhabitants of these wilds; and, as to myself, I had the full command of every household, and sate at the head of every board, being allowed to deal out my portions at large to every stranger who demanded relief. I was a sort of king in those days; and my daughter was my daily companion, having no greater pleasure than in obeying my behests.

And whereas those with whom I then dwelt were exceedingly fierce and bloody when instigated by resentment, yet whenever I interfered between foe and foe, and insisted on a cessation of violence, the utmost deference was paid to my commands: nay, I have seen, at my entreaties, the most furious enemies become the most active friends; and he who, at one time, vowed nothing but vengeance on another's head, the next hour would busy himself in administering of his very best to his needs. At that period, no promise made to me was ever broken with impunity; for he who dared to violate an oath made in my presence, was counted unworthy to live, and was thenceforth deemed a mere outcast of society. Thus my dominion formed a bond of union among these savages; and gradually, from the interchanges of courtesies which took place in my presence, they became more civilized, and began to sow their lands, and to plant orchards and gardens.

"After a while, my worthy sir, many revolutions took place in this country with pourings in of different nations, conquering each other, and building castles and strong holds, with towers, and churches, and monasteries: so that whereas, when I first visited this land, a traveller might have wandered for leagues over uninhabited wastes, and intertangled forests, towered cities and castles, and spires, and monasteries presented themselves some years

afterwards in various directions, and roads were cut through the woods from one castle to another, or from the gate of one walled city to another. Nevertheless, there was still much violence in the land, although the princes professed the true and holy religion of our Lord; and the dark forests were still haunted by unruly men dwelling in caves, and supporting themselves by rapine, insomuch that an unarmed traveller could not well pass in safety, and walls and ramparts were needful to preserve the security of families. Notwithstanding which, at this very time, I was so greatly honoured, that whoever pleaded in my name for protection was seldom turned from the door of the proudest baron; and even in the robber's den my name was respected, and every man's life was safe who was admitted in that name. Moreover, I had my establishment in every castle, a seat at the head of every table; and the carving knife was always put into my hand to give out and divide as I chose, and the flagon was always set by me to replenish the cup as it was emptied by the guests. I had a key, also, to every buttery and wine-vault, and my daughter assisted me in serving out from these stores. There was no name so great or so influential in those days, throughout the realm, as was the name of Old Hospitality,—of him who now sits before you, my good sir, forgotten and counted

worthless, an outcast destitute and forlorn, scorned and outraged by the very beggars: whilst my child, my beloved one, my sole remaining comfort, has been banished the realm, being denied a refuge even in the meanest cottage. But, in the times of which I am speaking, we sate in the courts of the greatest men of the realm; and whereas I was at the head of every board, my daughter often led the minstrelsy in the high gallery of the hall, or the dance upon the green, when the great baron collected his vassels and retainers to the sound of the pipe and rebec. But our highest advancement was not in the halls of the barons: I sate in the courts of kings, at the right hand of the monarch himself, whilst my child was welcomed in the bowers of the queen and her ladies. I could now show you, gentle sir, the ruins of many proud edifices where I once reigned. I could show you the dilapidated towers and ancient gateways where I stood, inviting all passengers to enter and partake of the royal dainties within; and the galleries where I have seen my fair daughter standing, with royal ladies, of whom none were fairer then than herself, (for she had recovered, in a great measure, from that state of degradation into which she had fallen in the commencement of our unfortunate days,) dispensing those benefits to the poor from which the title of *lady* is derived: for know you, sir, that the name

of lady, in the ancient language of this country, signifies she that divides, apportions, or gives out food. I could show you the high-vaulted kitchens, the wide chimnies, and long ranges for stoves, still remaining among these ruins, where, in those good old times, (good as they referred to me,) my daughter and I presided over the preparation of royal feasts, of which the large remains were to be divided to the poor and needy: and I could point out to you the places where whole sides of mutton and venison were submitted to the action of fire. But these days of old magnificence are past, and the memory of them is obscure and defaced as the glories of those towers and castles, and lofty halls, where these royal banquets were produced; and with these days, perhaps, are past many things which did less honour to our noble forefathers, than the scenes of hospitality of which I speak. Nevertheless, my good sir, I would that, in the descent of kingdoms and principalities adown the stream of time, the precious ore might not be washed from their surfaces together with the dross with which it was mingled. I would that I might yet be permitted to preside, with my lovely daughter, in the ceiled parlour of our more modern dwellings, as I once did in the ruder halls of the barons. And whereas I was long loved and cherished within the walls of the monasteries and religious houses, and encou-

raged to take up my abode within their gates, even after I began to experience a colder, or rather, I should say, a more capricious, reception in that of the barons; so am I also led to lament those changes of habits which have driven me, and my child, from the dwellings of those who represent the bishops and abbots of former days: for is it not written in the book of their canons and ordinances, (1st *Tim.* iii. 2.,) that such should be 'given to hospitality?'

"But the first indication which I had of the loss of influence among the princes of this land, was, that I perceived a growing coldness towards my daughter. I observed that she was not welcomed, as formerly, to the bowers of the ladies,—that they would not be seen with her, as aforetimes, in their galleries,—that they refused to take the air with her when they went abroad: and, soon after this, the keys of the butteries and wine-vaults were taken from me and given to another, to be rendered to me only on especial days. Then was it that my presence was frequently inconvenient, and the company of my daughter not befitting those of noble blood; and, at the same time, one I have mentioned before,—one of foreign birth and education,—was introduced into this country, and much caressed by our great ladies. And this foreign damsel, forsooth, would have had it believed that she

was no other than my daughter Elegance, my beautiful, my beloved; she whom I never counted again to behold on earth. But could I have been otherwise deceived by this foreign dame, the aversion which she betrayed for her who, she would have had it thought, was her sister,—viz. my first-born, Simplicity,—would have been sufficient to confirm me in the assurance that she was far other than that fair child from whom I had been so long and cruelly divided. So, not being able to bear the capricious tempers of my royal and noble patrons, I withdrew to the courts of the monasteries just mentioned, where I took refuge for a while. But these refuges were soon taken from me by a superior force: and, no doubt, those that broke them down, in order to establish a state of things which was more pure, were benefactors to the land. Nevertheless, these establishments had long afforded us a comfortable shelter; and when driven from them, we were for a while without any fixed home; and, the country being in trouble, we wandered from place to place, though we seldom, if ever, wanted a temporary asylum in the cottages and meaner houses of the people; for I had, hitherto, always been able to depend upon the favour of the poorer people, who gave me the command of their little stores, and rejoiced to see me use them according to my fancy. My daughter

was also much favoured by them; but when the troublesome times were over, and things settled down into a more quiet way, the power of the greater barons being diminished, the monasteries destroyed, and a new order of things, as it respected religion, established, my daughter and I again found ourselves provided with a multitude of delightful retreats. The whole face of the country was by this time entirely altered, my dear sir, from what it was when I first came into it, and had, indeed, been altered more than once. Few of the old castles, which I have spoken of, remained at that time; but in their place were multitudes of granges and country-houses standing in parks and lawns, each having its fish-pond and terraced garden, with its long avenue of trees, its cornfields and orchards, and nurseries of young plants: and here were level roads intersecting the whole country, whilst the forests were receding, and the cultivated lands augmenting; and the towns being no longer pent in with walls, as in the days of barbarism, were extending their suburbs and villas through all the adjoining fields.

"And here, in these country houses, were a new order of people; a middle sort, neither having the pride of the noble, nor the degraded feelings of the hind. It was among the wives and daughters of these that we were received and caressed; myself

chiefly by the elder wives and dowagers, and my daughter by the younger sort: and we were brought into the interior of these families, and made to preside in the kitchens, and housekeepers' rooms, and closets, and pantries. We concocted soups, and jellies, and cordials, and made mead, and malt, and gooseberry wines, and tansy puddings, and expressed the juice of herbs for medicine, and fed all travellers in the porches, and carried out baskets of broken meats. These were joyous days indeed; and might I live over again any part of my life, I should choose this portion above every other, excepting only that blessed time before I had known any trouble; namely, that period when I entertained visitors from above, in the bowers of our native place; when I, with my daughter, used to prepare such feasts as angels might partake of.

"The dwellings of the present day, my worthy sir," continued the old gentleman, "as little resemble those of the time I am speaking of, as those of that day did the ancient baronial castles, which I have spoken of afore. They were, for the most part, composed of great beams of timber, painted black, and curiously carved, and filled up with lath and plaster, the great squares of white plaster showing, whimsically, in contrast with the black frames composed by the huge transverse beams of timber; each edifice having many gable ends,

and various projecting points and angles, being within apportioned out into one vast hall, one roomy parlour, an immense kitchen, and a variety of little nooks of chambers, where as many guests might find a comfortable and retired resting-place, at those times when it pleased the master and dame to collect, beneath their roof, the whole assemblage of their kith and kine, to enjoy what I and my daughter had prepared for their entertainment.

" But time went on, and in its course brought many changes; and every change, my worthy sir, was worse and worse for me and for my daughter. She that had driven me from the seats of kings, and the halls of the nobles, after a while bethought herself of descending into lower life, and making her tour through the more remote parts of the kingdom: and first she visited the country towns, and fairly drove me and my daughter from many houses, where we had kept a sort of footing from the time they were erected. She commanded that all the doors of every habitation should be shut during the time of meals, unless by a special permission to the contrary from herself. She caused many of the oldest houses of the town to be taken down, and the great halls and kitchens to be annihilated; and in their places an apartment to be erected, with tables of so frail a structure, that they were able to support nothing but what was wholly light and

unsubstantial. She ordered all the good old pieces of furniture to be removed, with all such things as would endure wear and tear, and caused the apartments to be adorned with hangings of gossamer, with borders and fringes of leaf gold. Moreover, she directed that all extra beds should be taken down and thrown into lumber rooms, or sold, to purchase vases of china, and mirrors, wherewith to adorn the more splendid apartments of the house: and these mansions, being thus prepared and arranged, were closed for ever from me, and were no longer places wherein my daughter could be received. Yet some years passed away before our persecutor had found admittance into the halls, and granges, and other favourite haunts of myself and of my daughter, far in the country; and even till within a very few years, I had my friends and advocates in these retired mansions, where I was at liberty to act as I chose, and to enjoy the sweet society of my only remaining child. Alas! my good sir, it seems to me but as yesterday, when I still retained the command of many a pleasant mansion, and had the delight of seeing my daughter associated with some of the fairest of the land, being engaged with them in carrying out medicines and restoratives for the sick; in providing amusements for those among the poor, who dwelt under the protection of their more affluent friends; and in administering nou-

rishment, with their own hands, to the orphan infant and the aged pauper. Then it was that the old halls often resounded with the cheerful voice of the young light heart, and the village green with the merry note of the tabor and pipe; but, as circle beyond circle extends itself upon the face of the troubled waters, so the influence of Ostentation gradually extended itself into the more retired portions of the country, re-arranging every mansion, and re-organizing every household, compelling me and my daughter to retire from one and from another of our long-loved habitations; forcing us, first, from the mansion of the landlord to the humbler dwelling of the tenant; and, in her progress, ejecting us from these last, and compelling us to hide our diminished heads under the thatch of the cottage, and within the hut of the gipsy. But here, in our last refuge,—here, in the place of our last hope, we were again disappointed. Poverty and coarseness assailed us in the cottages to which we fled: the very beggar, too, who lived by the alms of such as chanced to pass by, threw out expressions of contempt against us, scorning and mocking us; till, at length, my enemies, tearing me from my child, would have it that I was no longer worthy to associate with civilised persons, but was fit only to dwell with Folly with his cap and bells. Thus they rejected me from civilized society, the very abjects

throwing contempt upon me; and hence I, who was once the companion of kings, am doomed to wander alone and forgotten, — despised of those who, in time past, owed their very existence to the kindness which I showed to them."

I would have comforted the venerable man, and would have pointed out to him how that, in the revolution of human affairs, it might be expected that he, who was now at the bottom of the wheel, would, in a little time, experience a change which could only be for the better; for, unto him that is in the lowest depths of misery, every change must needs bring relief. "But," he replied, "I have meditated much on human affairs, worthy sir; and in this, the old age of the world, the prime being past, and, as it were, a second childhood come, I cannot see whence that energy should spring which may correct the follies produced by Ostentation, or bring again the reign of Simplicity and moral beauty. My younger child is passed away as a dream of other times, and my elder is parted from me, never to be restored; and, truly, as it respects these my fair ones, the world has not been a fitting place for them, since the period of that great and awful revolution by which we were driven from our native place, and banished from those scenes of delight where we were counted fit associates for angels. Nothing, therefore, my dear sir, remains for me,

a poor miserable outcast, but, having divided my last crust with the only friendly person I have met for a long time, to lay me down and die."

Thus spake the old man: and I was considering from whence I might extract some drops of comfort for him, when suddenly a voice from above arrested our attention; and, looking up, we beheld a gloriously bright female figure, who looked down upon the old man with an expression of holy pity and divine serenity.

"Son of a divine parentage," she said, addressing the old man, "though thou art fallen to the dust, and art despised and cast out of the society of man, and art bereaved of those fair ones from whom thou oughtest never to have been separated; though, in the days of thy prosperity, thou hast too often polluted and disgraced thyself: yet I, who am called Wisdom, the daughter of Heaven and the friend of man, am come unto thee to administer consolation, and to point out to thee the way that thou mayest take to recover all, nay more than all, that thou hast ever lost." With that she unfolded a scroll, on which, as it floated before my eyes, I read these words, in letters of gold:

"Seek heavenly Wisdom, for Elegance and Simplicity are her companions; and Ostentation, the enemy of OLD HOSPITALITY, enters not within her gates."

THE HONEST DUTCHMEN.

BY WILLIAM HOWITT.

It came to pass in the days of old, that the men of Holland found themselves straitened in their habitations. For who knoweth not that they were, from the first, a sober, hardy, and industrious race; tilling the ground, buying and selling, eating and drinking in humility; and, therefore, they lived to a good old age, and "sent forth their little ones like a flock, and their children danced;" so that, their land being small, they filled it brimful of inhabitants, till they were ready to overflow all its borders. And they looked this way, and that way, and they said, "What shall we do, for the people are many, and the land is small, and we are much straitened for room?" So they called together the chief men of their nation, and they held a great council to consider what they must do. And behold there arose amongst them a man, unlike the men of the land, for they were short, and broad, and well-favoured in body, of a solemn and quiet countenance, and clad in peaceable garments; but he was tall and bony, and of a grim and hairy aspect. He had a great hard hand and a fierce eye, and his clothes had a wild look; he had a sword by his side, and a spear in his grasp, and his name was Van Manslaughten.

With a glad, but a savage gaze, he looked round upon the assembly, and said,—" Fellow-citizens! I marvel at your perplexity. You sit quietly at home, and know nothing of the world; but I, and my followers, have pursued the deer and the boar far away into the forests of Germany. We have fought with the wolf and the bear, and, if need were, with the men of the woods, to enjoy our hunting, and to eat of our prey with joy and jollity. Why sit ye here in a crowd, like sheep penned in a fold! We have seen the land that is next to ours, and we have been through it to the length of it, and to the breadth of it, and it is a good land. There are corn and wine; there are cities, and towns, and villages, ready built to our hands. Let us arise and come suddenly upon them, and we shall not only get all these possessions, but we shall get great glory." And when he had so said, he looked round him with much exultation, and a crowd of dark hairy faces behind him cried out,— " Ay, it is true!—Let us arise and get great glory!"

But at that word there stood up Mynheer Kinderman, an old man, a very old man. He was of low stature, and of a stout broad frame, and his hair, which was very white, hung down upon his shoulders; and his beard also, as white as driven snow, fell reverendly upon his breast. That old

man had a large and tranquil countenance; his features were bold, and of a very healthful complexion; his face, though of a goodly breadth, was of a striking length, for his forehead was bald and high, and his eyes had a pleasant fireside expression, as though he had been used only to behold his children at their play, or to fix them on the loving forms of his wife and his friend. As he arose there was a great silence, and he stood and sighed; and those who were near him heard him mutter, in a low tone, the word "glory," but those afar off only saw his lips move. Then he said aloud: "My brethren, I am glad that you are called upon to get great glory; I too am very anxious that you should get great glory, but what is that glory to which Mynheer Van Manslaughten calls you? In my youth, as some of you well know, I travelled far and wide with my merchandize; I have sojourned in all the countries that adjoin ours, and they are truly good countries, and full of people: but what of that? It is not people that we lack, it is land; and I should like to know how we are to take this land, that is full of people, and yet do those people no wrong! If we go to take that land, we shall find the people ready to defend their homes and their children; and if we fight in a bad cause, we shall probably get beaten, like thieves and robbers, for our pains,—and is that

glory? But if we are able to take that land, we must first kill or drive out those that cultivated it, and made it fit to live in,—and is that glory? And if we take those cities, and towns, and villages, we must kill those that built them, or have lived pleasantly in them with God's blessing. Oh! what honest, inoffensive men, what good, kind-hearted mothers, what sweet and tender brothers and sisters, what dear little babes we must murder and destroy, or drive away from their warm homes which God has given them, and which are almost as dear to them as their lives, into the dismal forests to perish with cold and hunger, or to be devoured by wild beasts, and, in their anguish, to curse us before God, who made us all! My brethren, I cannot think that is glory; but great disgrace and infamy, and a misery that, I trust, shall never come upon us.

"I have long looked about me, and I see that God has given all those countries round us to whom he would, and they are full of people; they are full of rich fields and vineyards; they are full of towns for men, and temples for God; they are full of warm, bright, happy homes, where there are proud fathers, glad mothers, and innocent children, as amongst ourselves, and cursed be he who would disturb or injure them.

"But, my brethren, how shall we get glory, and, what is of more immediate necessity, how shall we

get land to live in? I have been thinking of this; and it has come into my mind, that it has been too long the custom for men to call themselves *warriors* when they desire to be *murderers*, and to invade the property and the lives of their neighbours; and I have thought, as all the land is taken up, and as we cannot, without great sin, invade the land, that *we had better invade the sea!* And who does not know, that has looked towards the sea, that there is much ground which seems properly to belong to neither the sea nor the land? Sometimes it is covered with the waters, and sometimes it is partly bare,—a dreary, slimy, and profitless region, inhabited only by voracious crabs that make war upon one another—the stronger upon the weaker—and sea-fowl, which come in, like conquerors, and subdue them, and devour them, and get what Van Manslaughten calls—'great glory.' My brethren, let us invade the sea. Let us get piles, and beams, and stones, and dig up the earth, and make a huge mound, which will shut out the sea, and we shall have land enough, and to spare."

As he finished his speech there arose a deep murmur, that grew and grew till it spread among the people collected in thousands without, and, at length, became like the sound of the ocean itself; and then the people cried out, "Yes! we will invade the sea!" And so it was decreed. Then began

they with axes to fell wood; with levers and mattocks to wrench up stones; and with waggons, horses, and oxen, to lead them to the sea. Now, it being the time of low water, and the tide being gone down very far, they began to dig up the earth, and to make a mighty bank. So when the sea came up again, it saw the bank and the people upon it in great numbers, but it took little notice thereof. And it went down, and came up again; and they had pushed out the bank still further, and raised it higher, and secured it with beams, and piles, and huge stones; and it began to wonder. And it went down, and came up again; and they had pushed out the bank still further, so that, in great amaze, it said within itself, "What are these little insignificant creatures doing? Some great scheme is in their heads, but I wot not what; and one of these days I will come up and overturn their bank, and sweep both it and them away together." But, at length, as it came up, once on a time, it beheld that the bank was finished. It stretched across from land to land, and the sea was entirely shut out. Then was it filled with wonder that such little creatures had done so amazing a deed; and with great indignation that they had presumed to interrupt the progress of itself—the mighty sea, which stretched round the whole world, and was the greatest moving thing in it. Retreating in fury, it collected all its

strength, and came with all its billows, and struck the bank in the midst as with thunder. In a moment there appeared on the top of the mound, on the whole length of it, a swarm of little stout men, thick as a swarm of bees. Marvellous was it to see how that throng of little creatures was all a-stir, running here, and running there; stopping up crevices, and repairing damages done by that vast and tremendous enemy, that, roaring and foaming, repeated its blows like the strokes of a million of battering-rams, till the faces of the men were full of fear, and they said, "Surely the mound will fall!" Then came the sea, swelling and raging more dreadfully than ever, and, urged by the assistance of a mighty wind, it thundered against the bank, and it burst! The waters flowed triumphantly over all their old places, and many men perished.

Then went Van Manslaughten amongst the people with great joy, and many loud words, saying, "See! what has come of despising my counsel! See what glory your old counsellor has brought you to! Come now, follow me, and I will lead you to possessions where you need not fear the sea. Let us leave it to people this bog with its fish. I am for no new-fangled schemes, but for the good old plan of fair and honourable war, which has been the highway to wealth and glory from the beginning of the world."

Then began the people to be very sad, and to listen to his words; but Mynheer Kinderman called them again to him, and bid them be of good heart, and to repair the bank, to make it stronger, and to build towers upon it, and to appoint men to dwell in them, that they might continually watch over and strengthen it. So the people took courage, and did so; for they said, "Let us take no man's goods, and let us do no murder." Therefore they renewed the mound; and the sea came up in tenfold wrath, and smote it worse than before, but it was in vain. It failed not, save a little here and there; and the people seeing it, set up a great shout, and cried, "The mound will stand!" Then did they begin to dig and drain, to plant trees, to build towns, and to lay out gardens; and it became a beautiful country. And the inhabitants rejoiced, saying, "Others have invaded lands, and killed people, but we have hurt no man. We have only invaded the sea, and God has made us out of it a goodly heritage."

These are the people whose wealth and industry are known through the whole world. They have sent out colonies to the ends of the earth, and have got themselves the name of THE HONEST DUTCHMEN. Would that they had always been as wise and merciful as they were in that day!

TO THE AMERICAN SNOW-BIRD.

The Snow Bird of America is remarked among ornithologists for the obscurity which hangs round its history. On the first approach of winter, it suddenly makes its appearance at the farm-houses, apparently driven by the inclemency of the weather to court the society of man. Whence it comes, no one can tell, and whither it goes (for its exit is as sudden as its entrance), no one has yet been able to discover. It is supposed by some to be, in reality, another bird, only that its plumage, by some mysterious and irresistible power, has been suddenly and entirely changed. It delights to hover near hay-ricks, feeding on the wheat which they contain; while, in very bleak weather, when the ground is clad in universal snow, and the air is piercingly cold, it may be easily attracted to the parlour window, by throwing forth a few crumbs—the desolation of its lot causing it to forget its natural fear of man. There is a feeling of melancholy passes across the mind, when the bleak and dreary landscape, deserted by all other tenants of the air, is only enlivened with the presence of the mournful *Snow-bird*. Yet, even in the bitterest weather, he is always gay and lively; and the desolation of the scenery around him seems to have no saddening effect upon his cheerful heart.

FROM distant climes, which none can tell,
In dress of bright and changeful hue,
I greet the bird beloved so well,
When childhood's hours around me flew.

Sure, though the northern storms may spend
Their fury over field and tree,
Their blasts are welcome, if they send
So gay a visitant as thee.

I care not that the laughing spring
Its blue-bird messenger may own;
If winter be but sure to bring
The Snow-bird I have always known.

How oft, in childhood's rainbow hours,
I've watch'd thee at the parlour pane;
Hiding thee from the ruthless showers,
Till vernal airs should breathe again!

Oh! how my youthful eyes would strain,
Pursuing in thy wayward track,
How oft I've spread the attractive grain,
To bring thy wandering pinions back!

Yes, gentle bird! I mind the time
Thou'st sported round my window-seat,
(Thoughtless of evil, as of crime,)
Pleased, it would seem, my face to greet,—

And feeding with confiding stay,
On tiny crumbs I threw to thee:—
'Twere base, 'twere cruel, to betray
A bird that ne'er had injured me.

There breathes an everlasting Power,
Unknown, but felt—unseen, but heard;
He clothes each tree, He tints each flower;
His arm protects my darling bird.

Let winter come with stormy voice;
Let snow-wreaths crown the highest hill;
He bids thee in the storm rejoice,
He sees, protects, and feeds thee still.

THE QUARRIES UNDER PARIS.

Chaos of ruins! who shall trace the void,
O'er the dim fragments cast a lunar light,
And say, "Here was, or is," where all is doubly night?
BYRON.

THE beautiful city of Paris contains many objects worthy of the attention of the traveller; but the immense subterranean cavern over which it is built, must always excite the deepest interest in the breast of the curious observer. The important fact, that this fine city actually stands on the brink of a frightful abyss, remained a state secret till the middle of the last century: even the existence of the caverns, now known by the name of the Quarries, was treated as a fable by foreigners, and doubted by the greater part of the Parisians themselves, till Mr. Thomas White, member of the Royal Medical Society of Edinburgh, obtained leave from the French Government to visit them, and published the following amusing account of his subterranean travels, in the second volume of the Manchester Transactions:

"At the entrance by the Observatoire Royal, the path is narrow for a considerable way; but soon we entered large and spacious streets, all marked with names, the same as in the city. Different advertisements and bills were found, as we

proceeded, pasted on the walls, so that it had every appearance of a large town, swallowed up in the earth. The general height of the roof is about nine or ten feet; but, in some parts, not less than thirty or forty. In many places there is a liquor continually dropping from it, which congeals immediately, and forms a species of transparent stone, but not so fine and clear as rock-crystal. As we continued our peregrination, we thought ourselves in no small danger from the roof, which we found but indifferently propped up, in some places, with wood much decayed. Under the houses, and many of the streets, however, it seemed to be tolerably secured, by immense stones set in mortar: in other parts, where there are only fields and gardens, it was totally unsupported for a considerable space, the roof being perfectly level as a plane piece of rock. After traversing about two miles, we again descended about twenty steps, and here found some workmen, in a very cold, damp place, propping up a most dangerous part, which they were fearful would give way every moment. The path here is not more than three feet in width; and the roof so low, that we were forced to stoop considerably. On walking some little distance farther, we entered into a kind of saloon, cut out of the rock, and said to be exactly under the Eglise de St. Jaques. This was illuminated with great taste, occasioned an agreeable

surprise, and made us all ample amends for the danger and difficulty we had just before gone through. At one end was a representation, in miniature, of some of the principal forts in the Indies, with the fortifications, draw-bridges, &c.; and cannons were planted, with a couple of soldiers to each, ready to fire. Sentinels were placed in different parts of the garrison, particularly before the governor's house; and a regiment of armed men was drawn up in another place, with their general in the front. The whole was made up of a kind of clay which the place affords, was ingeniously contrived, and the light that was thrown upon it gave a very pretty effect. On the other side of this hall was a long table, set out with cold tongues, bread and butter, and some of the best Burgundy I ever drank. Now every thing was hilarity and mirth, and the danger we dreaded the moment before, was no longer thought of. In short, we were all in good spirits again, and proceeded on our journey about two miles farther, when our guides judged it prudent for us to ascend, as we were then got to the steps which lead up to the town. We here found ourselves safe at the Val de Grace, near to the English Benedictine convent, without the least accident having happened to any one of the party. We imagined we had walked about two French leagues, and were absent from the surface of the earth between four and five hours.

"There were formerly several openings into the Quarries; but the two I have mentioned,—namely, the Observatory and the Val de Grace,—are, I believe, the only ones left; and these the inspectors keep carefully locked, and rarely open them, except to strangers particularly introduced, and to workmen, who are always employed in some part by the King. The police thought it a necessary precaution to secure all the entrances into this cavern, from its having been formerly inhabited by a famous band of robbers, who infested the country for many miles round Paris. As to the origin of this quarry, I could not, on the strictest inquiry, learn any thing satisfactory; and the only account I know published, is the following, contained in the *Tableaux de Paris, nouvelle edition, tome premier, chapitre 5me, page 12me.* 'For the first building of Paris, it was necessary to get the stone in the environs, and the consumption of it was very considerable. As Paris was enlarged, the suburbs were insensibly built on the ancient quarries, so that all you see without is essentially wanting in the earth for the foundation of the city: hence proceed the frightful cavities which, at this time, are found under the houses in several quarters. They stand upon abysses. It would not require a very violent shock to throw back the stones to the place from whence they have

been raised with so much difficulty. Eight men being swallowed up in a gulph one hundred and fifty feet deep, and some other accidents, excited, at length, the vigilance of the police and government; and, in fact, the buildings of several quarters have been privately propped up, and by this means has been given to these obscure subterraneous places the support which they before wanted.' All the suburbs of St. James's, Harp-street, and even the street of Tournou, stand upon the ancient quarries, and pillars have been erected to support the weight of the houses. What a subject for reflection, in considering this great city formed and supported by means absolutely contrary! These towers, these steeples, the arched roofs of these temples, are so many signs to tell the eye that what we now see in the air is wanting under our feet."

Since Mr. White's visit to the Quarries, a great alteration has taken place in the interior of these caverns: for the contents of all the cemeteries in Paris have been lodged there ever since the memorable Revolution; and they now contain the bones of three millions of human beings. These last remains of mortality are fancifully arranged on the floor, in a kind of pattern resembling a Mosaic pavement. The skulls are heaped in the form of an immense altar, at the upper end of the great saloon; and the whole has a singularly whimsical appear-

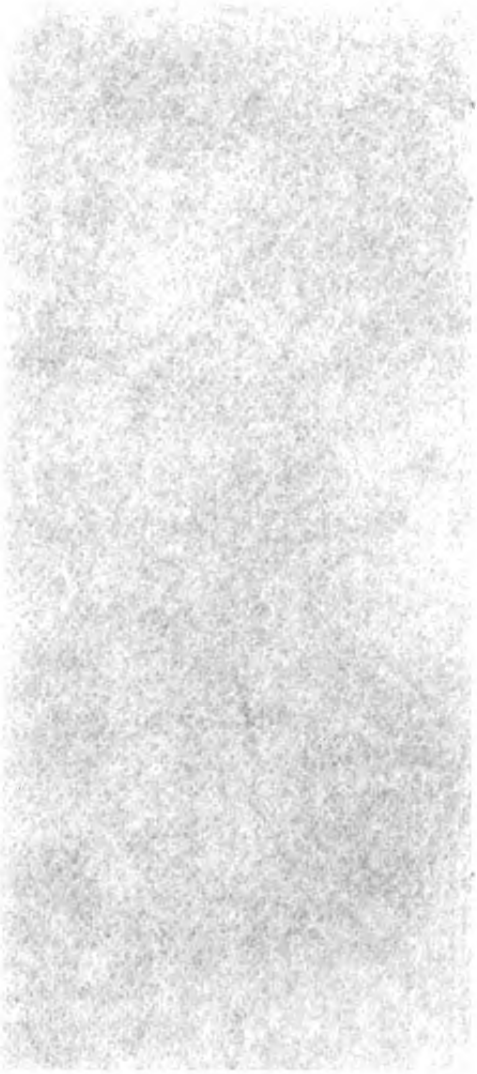
ance. This is, indeed, a strange proof of levity in our Gallic neighbours, who seem desirous of excluding solemn ideas from the mind, even in the midst of these chambers of death. A thinking person will, nevertheless, feel awed as he enters the Quarries, and contemplates the scene around him, which will afford him a striking lesson on the vanity of human life, and the folly of ambition; nor will the impression be less vivid, when he considers that a slight shock of an earthquake, or even the loosening of a prop, may mingle his bones with those of these forgotten millions.

THE COTTAGER.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

To meet the wanton breeze of Spring,
  Disporting lightly by,—
To watch the morn's ascending wing,
  Above the redden'd sky,—
To mark high heaven its pomp disclose,
  Before the sinking ray,
When twilight brings its shades, to close
  The long and peaceful day;—

To see the harvest's ears of gold
  Beneath the sunbeam cast,



D. Lynch pinxt. Fenner Sculpt.

THE COTTAGER.

Published by W. Marshall 1 Holborn Bars. Nov 1 1830

Or like a brightening ocean roll'd,
And waving with the blast,—
To listen to the sounds which float
From thickets dun and sere,
When winds make faint the robin's note
Above the dying year ;—

To share the fondly-prized caress
Of childhood's glances fair,—
To feel the thousand joys which bless
A parent's thornless care,—
By that scarce heeded storm unbent,
On loftier paths which lies,
To slumber, watch'd by still Content,
And wake when Health bids rise :—

Ah ! what an envied life were this !
How lost to grief or fear !
Methinks, if pure and spotless bliss
Could find a resting here,
From scenes by pomp and wealth defiled
That heavenly guest would flee,
And dwell alone, O gentle child
Of wood and fell ! with thee.

THE SCHOOL-BOYS' JOURNEY.

One evening, at the commencement of the Midsummer vacation, four school-boys, who were perfect strangers to each other, met in one of the northern coaches, in which places had been engaged for them by their respective friends.

They had scarcely taken their seats in the vehicle, when a shabby hackney-coach, drawn by two miserable raw-boned horses, and driven by an Irish coachman, in a patched and ragged box-coat, was seen slowly making its way through the dense crowd of carts, carriages, and foot-passengers, assembled in front of the hotel.

Two of the boys watched its tedious progress, and frequent stoppages, with a sort of impish curiosity, till at length it drew up at the door of the coach-office; and the coachman, descending from the box, opened the crazy, ill-hung door, with a clatter that made every part of the vehicle start and chatter: then letting down a nest of rusty iron steps, he offered his arm to assist a plainly dressed, but respectable, elderly female to alight.

There was nothing either extraordinary or remarkably diverting in this sight; yet, I am sorry to record that it provoked a burst of laughter from George Mornington and Mark Pearson. Now,

Mark Pearson was one of those great rude boys who laugh at every thing and every body; but George Mornington,—who was the eldest son of a Norfolk baronet, had attained to the discreet age of fourteen, and was remarked for the elegance and propriety of his manners,—ought to have known better. There is, however, nothing more contagious than laughter; and a bad example is soon followed. But their example was not imitated by either of their juvenile fellow-travellers, the youngest of whom,—a pale, mild, intelligent-looking little fellow, in deep mourning, whose eyes were swollen with excessive weeping,—appeared little disposed to join in mirth which seemed to him as causeless as it was foolish. The other, a youth of solemn and supercilious deportment, who had just been conveyed to the coach in a very splendid equipage, attended by four black servants in gold-laced liveries, exclaimed, with an air of great dissatisfaction, "I have serious apprehensions that the person who has just descended from that beggarly vehicle, is about to engage a place in this coach."

"What then?" demanded George Mornington.

"What then!" echoed the first speaker, in surprise: "Have you no idea that it is a great annoyance to be boxed up, for so many miles, with a person of her description?"

"It is a matter of perfect indifference to me,"

returned George Mornington: "your fears, however, are about to be verified; for I see the porters are transferring the good gentlewoman's baggage from the hackney-coach to the top of this."

"My stars!" shouted Mark Pearson: what a sight of trunks, and band-boxes, and packages, she has got! I wonder who and what she is."

"Some country shopkeeper's wife, I presume," said the scornful youth in the corner, drawing his handsome travelling cloak closer about his person.

"How tiresome!" growled Mark Pearson, as the guard opened the door, and requested the young gentlemen to make room for another passenger: "I had reckoned," pursued he, "on having such a deal of fun on the road, as we were all boys; and now, it seems, we are to be pestered with a stupid old woman to spoil all our sport. But I declare I, for one, won't make any room for he accommodation; and I think the best thing we can do, as there are four of us, is to square our elbows, and poke out our knees, so that she cannot sit, and will be fain to go outside: and then we shall get rid of her altogether."

"Surely that would be very unkind, and extremely improper," observed the sorrowful little boy, timidly.

"Certainly it would, my little man," said George Mornington; "and, however unwelcome her com-

pany may be to us, yet good manners are due to all; and I insist that the old lady shall be treated with civility."

"The old lady is much beholden to you, young gentleman," said the new passenger, who had now advanced sufficiently near to the open door to hear the obliging proposition of Mark Pearson, and the rejoinders of the other two.

George Mornington greeted her with a profound bow, pushed his malcontent neighbour in the cloak farther into the corner, to make more room for her accommodation, and presented his hand with an air of great politeness to assist her into the coach. The old lady appeared very grateful for his attention. Mark Pearson broke into a silly giggle, the haughty malcontent turned away his head with a glance of offensive contempt, and the little weeper pressed his thin delicate hands over his eyes, to conceal the unbidden tears that continued to course each other down his pallid cheeks, as the important words "*all right*" were pronounced by the guard, and the coach rolled off at a rapid pace over the rattling stones of noisy, bustling London.

All parties appeared disposed to indulge their own reflections in silence, till they had completely cleared the suburbs of the great metropolis, when the pause was at length broken by George Mornington, who certainly took no small delight in

hearing the sound of his own voice, and addressed his young fellow-travellers in the following terms:

"Gentlemen, we are all at present strangers to each other; but that circumstance need not prevent us from enjoying a very pleasant journey together, as I doubt not we shall soon become very excellent friends: as a preliminary to which, I beg leave to propose that we all communicate our names, and places of abode, and destination, *pro bono publico.*"

"You can certainly act as you please in that respect," observed he of the cloak: but I, as the son of a man of wealth and consequence, make it a general rule never to enter into unnecessary confidences, and indiscriminate familiarity, with passengers in a stage-coach."

"Lest they should expose you to the mortification of seeking to renew their acquaintance with you at an improper time," rejoined George Mornington, mimicking his stiff attitude and pompous tone: "indeed," added he, "it is a very inconsistent thing, in a person of your importance, to travel in such a vulgar conveyance as a stage-coach."

"In which the passengers, it should be remembered, as they all pay the same fare, meet on terms of the most perfect equality," remarked the old lady, "and are bound by the observances of common civility, as well as by the dictates of that genuine benevolence of heart on which true polite-

ness is founded, to demean themselves during the journey in such a manner as may render their company agreeable to their fellow-travellers."

"That is what I always make a point of doing, madam," said George Mornington; "and I do not remember ever losing any portion of my own consequence, through conducting myself with affability and kindness to persons of inferior station to myself."

"So you are a person of consequence too, young gentleman," rejoined the old lady with a smile; "perhaps you will favour me with your name."

"With the greatest pleasure, madam. My name is George Mornington, at your service; and I am the eldest son and heir of Sir George Mornington, Bart., of Fairfield Hall, Norfolk."

"Upon my word, Mr. Mornington," said the lady, smiling again, "I had no idea of your importance, which, however, by the way, it is scarcely less than a piece of vain glory to proclaim in a stage-coach."

"Nay, madam, whose fault was that? Was it not yourself that demanded my name?" said George, looking down and colouring.

"Your name I certainly did inquire," rejoined she; "but you proclaimed your rank unasked, as if eager to embrace the slightest opportunity of making it known."

"Mr. Mornington," said the young gentleman in the cloak, after making two or three attempts to deliver an apologetic speech with some degree of ease, "I am afraid you must have considered me vastly rude in my reply to you, when you so obligingly offered me your friendship just now."

"You are quite correct in your supposition," replied George, carelessly.

"Well, sir, it gives me pain to hear you say so; and I now beg leave to assure you that I shall be proud of your further acquaintance," said the other.

"Sir," replied George, eyeing him with a glance of contempt, "I am perfectly satisfied with the knowledge I have acquired of you, during the short time we have been travelling companions."

"You are not aware, I presume, Mr. Mornington," pursued the other, "that I am the only son of Sir Ephraim Stockwell, the rich banker, and that I am now going to spend the vacation at the castle of the Earl of Denborough, by his lordship's express invitation?"

"I am sorry to hear that, Mr. Stockwell," observed George; "for I am going to the same place. The Countess of Denborough is my great aunt: my grandmother and she were co-heiresses; and, as she has no issue, I am, after my father, heir-presumptive to her large estates, though, on account of a

foolish dispute between my father and her, we have never yet met."

"My young friend," interrupted the old lady, "are not you sensible that there is some impropriety, as well as great imprudence, in alluding to family affairs and family differences before persons of whom you know so little, and in such a place as a stage-coach?"

"My dear madam, it is a matter of no importance," replied George, "since it is publicly known that the Countess of Denborough and my father are not on amicable terms. She is generally considered a very singular woman in her ideas and conduct, and has given my father to understand that she shall not leave him any thing beyond that which the law will give him. Nevertheless, we expect a very considerable accession of property at her decease, which, in the course of nature, cannot be very far distant: and I have good hopes that I shall come in for all that is at her own disposal, for I am her nearest of blood, next to my father, and she has sent for me to spend the vacation at Denborough Castle, that she may see how she likes me; and I have no doubt but I shall ingratiate myself so highly in her favour, before I return to Harrow, that she will send for her notary forthwith, and bequeath me a good fat legacy, as a proof of her tender regard."

"Your hopes of occupying so desirable a place in your aunt's last will and testament, young gentleman, would stand very little chance of being realized, should she happen to hear of the flippant use you have been pleased to make of her name, to say nothing of your obliging speculations on the probability of her death," said the old lady, gravely.

"My dear madam," replied George, with increasing levity, "there is no probability of her death, I assure you: on the contrary, she is likely to live these many years; for, you know, there is an Italian proverb, which says, 'Old women are as tough as pin-wire, and live for ever.'"

"To the great displeasure of their heirs-at-law," rejoined the old lady, significantly.

George Mornington laughed.

"Allow me to tell you, Mr. George Mornington, that you are incorrigible both in levity of speech and want of caution," said the old lady; "and it argues both hardness of heart and presumption withal, in one of your age, to discourse thus unfeelingly of the length of days which it has pleased God to grant to your relative. Do you consider that, in speculating on the death of a fellow-creature, for the sake of the wealth that you may inherit in case of such event, you are positively guilty not only of a breach of that commandment which forbids you to covet the possessions of

another, but also of a direct violation of that more solemn article of the decalogue, which says, 'Thou shalt do no murder.' It is the indulgence of such feelings, trivial as they appear at first, that has led to deeds of blood in those who have had the opportunity of privily taking the lives of individuals, who have appeared to them inconvenient barriers to their own peculiar views."

George Mornington started back with a look of horror, exclaiming, "Indeed, indeed, I am incapable of such feelings: I never had a serious meaning in what I said of my poor aunt's death; and I hope you will impute my foolish expressions to the thoughtlessness of youth."

"Those who have heard you, will, of course, place their own construction on what you have said," rejoined she: "and what, now, if I should repeat your observations to Lady Denborough?"

"Are you acquainted with my aunt, then?" asked George, colouring deeply.

"For aught you know, I am," said she; "and it may possibly be greatly to my interest to rival you in her ladyship's good graces, so far as to obtain a certain fat legacy, on the prospect of which you have suffered yourself to speculate, till you have conducted yourself with the same degree of wisdom which the far-famed Alnaschar, in the Arabian Tales, did, when, in the height of his presumption,

he kicked down the foundation of his imaginary good fortune."

George Mornington was too much abashed to reply.

"I am sure," said Arthur Wilmot, the pale, and hitherto silent, little boy in black, "no one who knows how sad a thing it is to lose dear friends, and to be left alone in a world of strangers, could ever talk lightly of the death of a relation. I wish, indeed, I had a kind aunt who would receive me into her house, though in the humblest capacity."

"And what would you do in return, my little friend?" asked the old lady.

"All that I could," replied Arthur, with some warmth. "I would love her dearly, treat her dutifully; and, instead of wishing for her death, I would pray to God to bless her and prolong her days."

"If you kept your word, my young friend, she would be amply repaid in the affection of so grateful a heart, for any benefits she might confer upon you," said the old lady, smiling upon him: "but to whom are you now going?"

"To a grocer, at a country town called Denborough, to whom they are going to bind me apprentice," replied he, sorrowfully.

"They!" repeated the old lady: "do you mean your parents?"

"Alas! no," replied he, bursting into a flood of tears: "I have lost them both, madam, and have no friend or relation in the world, except a distant cousin of my mother, who has a large family of his own, and cannot afford to maintain me: so he has thought proper to place me with Mr. Crisp, in order that I may learn to get my own living in an honest way; and I ought to be more grateful for his kindness than I am. But my father was a clergyman of the Church of England and a scholar, and I had hoped to be a clergyman and a scholar too; but, instead of that, I must lay aside my books, and learn to weigh pounds of sugar and tea, and ounces of snuff and tobacco, and to write out bills, and pack parcels, from morning till night."

"Now, that is what I call pride," said Mark Pearson. "You think yourself above waiting on people because you are a parson's son, and have been moping and piping your eye all the way from London, because, forsooth, you don't like being a grocer. Why, man, you should think of the almonds, and raisins, and liquorice, and sugar-candy, that you may eat from morning till night, instead of fretting yourself about packing up parcels, and weighing snuff and tobacco."

"You are mistaken, if you suppose that my distaste to the business of a grocer proceeds from motives of pride," replied Arthur Wilmot, mildly;

"but my inclination leads me to quiet, studious habits. My dear father spared no pains to inspire me with a taste for learning and refined pursuits: and these, I feel, I must now relinquish; for they are incompatible with the active, bustling life of a shopkeeper's apprentice."

"Not exactly so, my dear child," said the old lady; "for there are many spare moments that may be devoted to your books: and even at those times when your hands are engaged in the business of your calling, your mind may be employed in higher pursuits. At all events, if your duty requires you to resign your own will, I trust you will learn to submit, with meekness and cheerfulness, to the performance of that which may be required of you."

"I hope so too, madam," replied Arthur; "for my dear father early endeavoured to impress upon my mind the necessity of combating any inclination of my own, that was opposed to the will of my Heavenly Father; and that I should learn to do my duty in that state of life unto which it should please God to call me."

"That, my child, is the sure way to obtain His blessing on your undertakings," said the old lady. "Be of good comfort, for He hath promised to be a father to the fatherless, and will by no means forsake those who put their trust in Him."

"Thank you, dear madam, for your kind words: they are very consoling to me," said the little boy, taking the hand of his venerable fellow-traveller, and pressing it gratefully to his bosom.

When they alighted at the inn where they were to breakfast, George Mornington, who had been deeply interested in the distress of Arthur Wilmot, drew him gently aside, and taking him by the hand, said, "My dear fellow, I have been much affected by your melancholy story; and so sincerely do I sympathize with you in your reluctance to embrace a way of life so opposed to all your habits and inclinations, that, if I were a man, I would send you to college at my own expense, and make you my own chaplain, and the curate of the parish where I live; and perhaps it may, one day, be in my power to realize this project. In the mean time, I dare say you are but scantily provided with pocket-money, although you will require, undoubtedly, a little fund to procure you many trifling comforts and conveniences; and, as my purse is amply stocked by the liberality of kind friends, I must insist on your gratifying me by accepting the half of what I have about me."

"Impossible, my dear sir," said Arthur, drawing back: "I feel your great kindness; but it is impossible to accept so considerable a pecuniary obligation from one who is, comparatively speaking, a stranger."

"Now that is what I call P—R—I—D—E," said George Mornington, mimicking Mark Pearson's broad provincial accent.

"Not exactly pride, but a feeling of sensitive delicacy inseparable from the character of a true gentleman," said the old lady, who had followed the boys to the window, where this conversation had been carried on: "however," continued she, turning to Arthur, "such feelings may be carried too far; and I see no reason why you should deny Mr. George Mornington the pleasure of performing a generous action."

"Nay, nay, he shall not!" exclaimed George, forcing the sovereigns into the half-reluctant hand of the weeping orphan, who, overpowered by an instance of kindness so hearty and unexpected, flung his arms about his neck, and sobbed out his thanks upon his bosom.

"How odd!" said Mark Pearson, giggling: "I always laugh when any one tips me a shilling, I grin at a half-crown, and shout at the sight of a five-shilling piece: but, as for gold, that is a metal that does n't often come to my share; so I can't say how I should feel on having a half-sovereign squeezed into my fist, to say nothing of two or three begging my acceptance."

Master Stockwell regarded him with a glance of supreme contempt; and, taking out a well-filled

purse, chinked its glittering contents, and then consigned it to his pocket again with an air of pompous superiority. Mark Pearson broke into a horse-laugh; and the old lady said, with a very pointed look, "I have frequently heard of purse-pride; but I never saw it so practically exhibited before."

"My good woman," retorted Master Stockwell, "you may preach to the other passengers, if they choose to listen; but I beg leave to inform you, that I do not choose to be lectured by a person of your description."

"Of what description do you consider me?" asked the old lady, drily.

"Some old methodistical shopkeeper, or village schoolmistress at the best," replied he.

"Persons by no means to be despised in their vocation," said she, smiling: and the fellow-travellers, having partaken of their breakfast, resumed their places in the vehicle.

Want of room obliges me to omit much amusing conversation that passed between the old lady, George Mornington, and Arthur Wilmot, till they again stopped on the road to dine. They were then very near the place of their destination; but, when the boys were summoned, after a much longer delay than was usually allowed for that meal, to take their seats again, they missed the old lady, their fellow-traveller, and, on inquiry,

learned that she had proceeded on her journey in a post-chaise.

"Without taking leave of us, or so much as telling me her name," said Arthur Wilmot, sighing.

"For my part, I am glad to be rid of her," said Stockwell.

"And so am I," responded Mark Pearson: "for she looked me through and through, as one may say, with her piercing eyes, whenever I was going to say any thing funny; and I felt myself obliged to hold my tongue, for fear she should think me a fool."

"I commend your prudence," said George Mornington, laughing, "and think you ought always to have her at your elbow. For my part, I both respect and admire her, and am sorry I did not learn her name before we parted."

"But if she should tell your aunt of what you said about her will," said Mark Pearson, with a sly grin.

"I will trust her," said George.

"Mr. Mornington," observed Master Stockwell, "you have treated me with great contempt during the whole journey; and now let me inform you that I shall consider it my duty to acquaint Lady Denborough with your indecent remarks on her."

"What, tell tales out of school, Master Stockwell," shouted Mark Pearson: "I would teach you the penalty of doing that, if I were Master

Mornington: I am sure he could drub ten such as you."

"If Mr. Mornington thinks proper to ask my pardon, and request my forbearance," said Stockwell.

"I should incur my own contempt, and merit that of my noble relatives," said George. "Mr. Stockwell, I shall confess my fault to my aunt; and you may do your worst."

The coach soon after stopped at the park-gates of Denborough Castle, and the porter told George that it was his Lord's request that he should invite all his fellow-travellers to proceed to the Castle with him, as an entertainment had been provided for them.

"That's capital!" shouted Mark Pearson, leaping out of the coach and flinging his cap up in the air. Arthur Wilmot drew timidly back; but George Mornington, taking him by the hand, led him kindly towards the Castle, and Master Stockwell followed in an embarrassed, awkward manner.

They found the Earl of Denborough waiting on the steps of his noble mansion to receive them: after shaking hands with them all round, he conducted them into the drawing-room, to introduce them to Lady Denborough. Her ladyship was seated in a crimson velvet chair, at the upper end of the room, with an averted head, giving orders to a servant; but, on the entrance of her Lord and his young visiters, she rose from her seat and advanced to bid

them welcome to Denborough Castle: and they all recognized, with equal astonishment and confusion, the old lady their fellow-traveller, whom some of them had treated with so little consideration.

"My young friends," said she, "I require no apologies. You, George, have, I trust, learned a useful lesson from the events of this journey; and I hope that you will, in future, practise greater prudence in conversing of your private affairs before strangers. For you, my dear Arthur, I am happy to say that Heaven has raised up a friend for you, where, perhaps, you least expected to meet one; for it is both in my will and power to gratify you in your laudable ambition, of becoming a scholar and a clergyman, like your father; and part of the fat legacy which George Mornington speculated on receiving at my death, will be devoted to the purpose of giving you a liberal education. To you, Messrs. Pearson and Stockwell, I have nothing to say, beyond expressing a hope that you will, in future, abstain from judging by outward appearances, and observe good manners alike to every class of your fellow-citizens, remembering always 'to do unto others as you would they should do unto you.' And now, I trust, we shall all become excellent friends, and that you will spend a merry vacation at Denborough Castle."

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE LAST LEAF OF A FRIEND'S ALBUM.

BY MISS MITFORD.

THE book is fill'd, thy comrade long,
The pretty book of sketch and song;
Of words with gentle kindness fraught,
Of wisdom, peace, and lofty thought:
Book of sweet sadness! Book that told
Of friends beloved beneath the mould,
And waken'd oft the tender sigh
For vacant homes, and years gone by.
Yet sighs that breathe o'er well-spent hours,
Are sweet as western winds on flowers;
Yet tears, o'er virtuous memories shed,
Embalm and sanctify the dead.
And, oh! may many a brightening ray
Illume and gild thine onward day!
And many a friend (for few can claim,
More proud to share, that honour'd name)
Combine thy future life to bless
With peace, and love, and happiness!
For thee may every good conspire,
That verse can ask, or heart desire!
And the full Album's latest line
Call blessings down on thee and thine!

NATURAL BRIDGE IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA.

THIS wonderful bridge is justly considered one of the greatest curiosities the world contains. It is situated on the ascent of a hill in the State of Virginia, in North America, which appears to have been rent in twain by some violent convulsion of nature. This frightful chasm is nearly two hundred and seventy feet deep, and about forty-five in width at the bottom, and ninety at the top, which, of course, determines the length of the bridge and its height from the water. It rises into an elevated and beautiful arch, somewhat approaching to the semi-elliptical form, and is sixty feet wide, and about forty in thickness; and the whole arch, as well as the hill, is composed of one solid rock of limestone, coated towards the top with earth, which affords growth to a number of majestic trees, that appear to crown it with verdure.

Although this wonderful bridge is provided with a natural parapet of rock, few spectators have courage to stand upright and look down on the immense abyss below: they involuntarily creep on hands and knees, and cautiously peep over the parapet, at the gulph beneath their feet, with an indescribable sensation of fear. The view from the top

of the bridge generally inflicts a severe headache on the beholder, while that below affords him the most exquisite pleasure, wholly unalloyed by pain. His mind is filled with the sublimest reflections as he gazes on this beautiful arch,—" so elevated yet so light, springing, as it were, up to heaven,"—and considers its fair proportions, which the hand of man has not fashioned, but which are all the majestic work of an Almighty Architect, by whose infinite wisdom the universe, with all its wonders, was created.

Through the fissure, which continues narrow, deep, and straight, for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, the spectator catches a pleasing view of the North-mountain on one side and Blue-ridge on the other, which are both five miles distant from the spot. " This natural bridge is situated in the county of Rockbridge, to which it has given name, and affords (according to Mr. Jefferson's account) a public, safe, and commodious passage over a valley which cannot be crossed elsewhere for a considerable distance. The stream that passes under it is called Cedar-creek, and derives its source from James River, about two miles above."

THE COTTAGER RETURNING HOME.

BY J. F. HOLLINGS, ESQ.

HOME! Thy task to-day is done,
And the fast-declining sun
Quivers, with its level beam,
Over bank and reeded stream:
On the cloud its purple hue,
On the lake a deeper blue,
And the earliest glance afar
Of the dimly twinkling star,
Herald that approaching hour,
When in fragrance sleeps the flower,
And the last faint notes are heard,
Of the forest-haunting bird,
Echoing from its lowly nest
Nature's call to peace and rest.

Home! to that endear'd repose,
Which the child of labour knows,
To the slumber long and light,
When the moonbeam streaming bright
Over many a lordly gate,
Many a pillar'd hall of state,
Many a chamber richly spread,
Gilded roof, and downy bed,

T.S. Engleheart del.t Fenner Sears & C.o sc.

THE COTTAGE GIRL RETURNING HOME.

Published by W. Marshall, 1 Holborn Bars Nov. 1 1830

Through night's silent watch shall shine
On no calmer brow than thine :—
To the peace by youth possest,
To the " sunshine of the breast,"
And the dream by Fancy view'd,
And the trusting hope renew'd,
Which, by care untried, or sorrow,
Fears and knows no stern to-morrow.

REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR.

THINK of thy Creator now,
In the freshness of thy youth ;
Pay unto the Lord thy vow,
Worship him with inward truth.

None that come will he reject,
None whom he receives, forsake ;
But in every hour protect,
While they sleep, and while they wake.

Should thine earthly parents leave thee,
Thou wilt have a Friend above,
Who, when outcast, will receive thee
To the dwelling of his love.

THE YOUTHFUL PARTNERS.

BY MISS JANE STRICKLAND, AUTHOR OF "THE ALBANIAN SHEPHERDS."

Let us all have one Purse.—Proverbs i. 14.

"SISTER Ellen, we have just received our allowance," said George Hamilton: "suppose we put our money together, and have only one purse between us."

"So we will," replied Ellen, "and resolve, in future, to make useful purchases, such as books, and work-boxes, and cottons, and tapes."

"And portraits of celebrated characters," returned George; "and if *they* are too expensive for our *pocket,* their images shall adorn our play-room mantelpiece."

"You are quite determined, I see, brother, by your saying our pocket, instead of our pockets," said Ellen, laughing. "Well, so am I. Pray how much have we got between us? We have just received a quarter's allowance from papa, who generously advanced it from twenty shillings a year to twenty-four shillings. Well, six and six make twelve."

"Grandpapa gave us a crown apiece at Christmas, and Aunt Catherine did the same, of which we have only spent a shilling each. Come, we will

reckon. Oh, thirty shillings! If we had not laid out those two shillings in sweetmeats, we should have mustered one pound twelve between us," replied George. "Why, Ellen, we never were so rich in all our lives."

"But who is to keep the purse?" asked Ellen, thoughtfully.

"Why, it shall change owners every week; and, as I am the elder, I will be banker till Monday next."

"So it will be the firm of George and Ellen. How droll *Ellen and Co.* will look, when we enter our expenses in a memorandum book. Papa," continued the young lady, "George and I are going to have but one purse between us in future."

"My dear children, you had better remain as you were; for, as your tastes are very different, I fear you will not unite your interests with your money, and will, consequently, fall out."

"But we never quarrel, papa: we love each other too well for that," replied the brother and sister, looking tenderly at each other.

Papa felt doubtful, it was evident, whether their friendship would stand the test; but, as he never interfered in the management or expenditure of their pocket-money, the juvenile partners put their joint-stock into one purse, of which George, for the present, was to be the keeper.

That very day an image-man came to the door, and George and Ellen expended three shillings of their money in the purchase of busts of the Duke of Wellington and the Princess Charlotte, which they placed upon the mantelpiece with mutual satisfaction.

"Papa, you were mistaken in thinking we should fall out," cried the partners: "we are still as loving as doves."

"I hope this harmony will continue, my dears," replied Mr. Hamilton; "but, remember, your partnership is scarcely of a day's standing: I shall be a better judge by the end of the week."

The following Saturday was a day of trial to the juvenile firm. Mr. Hamilton had occasion to attend an auction in the neighbourhood, and, at George's earnest entreaties, agreed to make him his companion. Things were going "dirt cheap," to use the phrase of the auctioneer; but it was a furniture auction, and chairs and tables were not in the compass of the united purse. Regard for Ellen's interests only prevented George from bidding for a set of fire-irons, that even papa said were worth double the money given for them. The next lot consisted of a pair of bellows, an iron tea-kettle, and three spoons of the same useful metal, all absolutely going for three shillings. Struck with the singular cheapness of these articles, George pulled

his father by the sleeve; but Mr. Hamilton was engaged in conversation with a friend, and did not attend to the hint. George nodded to the auctioneer, and the lot was knocked down to him. The sound of his son's name recalled Mr. Hamilton's attention to what was going on.

"So you have made a purchase I find, George," said he, surveying the lot with a look of surprise.

"Yes, papa; all these useful articles for three shillings and threepence," replied George, unconsciously adopting the pompous manner of the auctioneer.

"I hope you will find them so, George; but what use you can have for bellows, and kettles, and spoons, I cannot even guess."

"But they are so cheap: mama gave three shillings for a pair of bellows only the other day, papa."

"Then she has no occasion for these, George," replied his father: "I find nothing comes cheap unless its services are required."

George thought his mama would gladly take the lot at a trifling advance; for, even if the bellows were not wanting, the iron tea-kettle and spoons would find in her a purchaser. But Ellen would naturally think he ought to lay out something on her account: however, for some time nothing was put up that appeared likely to suit her. At length,

at the close of the sale, the following miscellaneous articles were submitted to the hammer:—a baby-house, a bundle of old almanacks, a "Ready Reckoner," a pair of soiled card-cases, a bag of shot, three gun-flints, a small watering-pot, several netting needles and knitting pins. A general laugh followed the auctioneer's enumeration of this his last lot.

"Some of these things will be of no use to Ellen; but then, the baby-house will suit her doll, and the knitting pins and netting needles are all in a girl's way, and I know she wants the small red watering-pot for her garden: so I think I shall bid." And George did bid: a slight competition followed; for some person run him, out of mischief, and finally left George the master of the whole lot at five shillings and ninepence. Ellen's partner certainly felt some misgiving as he paid down the amount of his purchases, and half repented of having expended nine shillings in things which they could have done very well without. "But Ellen must set the baby-house against the first lot," thought he, as he delivered his goods to the footman to be carried home.

When Mr. Hamilton and his son entered the sitting-room, they found Mrs. Hamilton examining the articles, as John held them in his hand.

"My dear love," said the lady, addressing her husband, "what did you give for these things?"

"You must ask George," replied he, laughing; "they are his purchases, not mine: they belong to him."

"To George!" repeated Ellen, in a state of alarm: "have you been laying out our money in an old leaky tea-kettle, a pair of bellows with a hole through the leathers, and three odious iron spoons?"

George looked disconcerted.—"I did not know the articles were damaged," answered he: "the auctioneer said they were as good as new, and as cheap as dirt: however, they only cost three shillings and threepence."

"Oh, extravagance!" sighed Ellen: "besides, if they had been good ones, of what use would they have been to us?"

"Well, but the sundries are all in your way; and if I bought the first lot to please myself, dear Ellen, the last I purchased entirely on your account."

"A bag of shot, three gun-flints, a bundle of old almanacks, and a pair of soiled card-cases, are likely to prove very useful to me!" remarked Ellen, pouting.

"Dear Ellen, I was obliged to buy these things, because your baby-house, and netting needles, and knitting pins, were in the same lot."

"My baby-house, sir, and netting needles, and

knitting pins!" retorted Ellen, angrily: "I have not played with a doll these three years, and your fine needles and pins are as thick as skewers, and covered with rust,—in short, good for nothing."

"Well, Ellen, I was mistaken about the doll, and you know boys are no judges of pins and needles; but you really wanted the watering-pot."

"But this has no rose: O George! George!" The pathetic tone in which Ellen uttered her brother's name, overcame the gravity of both her parents. "How much of our money have you spent to-day," continued she, after a pause.

"Nine shillings in all," was his answer.

"Nine shillings! in an old leaky tea-kettle, a pair of bellows that will not blow the fire, three hateful iron spoons, a worthless baby-house, a bundle of old almanacks, a pair of soiled card-cases, a roseless watering-pot, a set of rusty netting needles and bent knitting pins, a 'Ready Reckoner,' a—"

"I am sure the last article was quite superfluous," remarked Mrs. Hamilton, laughing:—"Ellen, you have enumerated all these bargains, I think."

"Fortunately for me, George's week expires to-morrow," said Ellen: "I am sure *I* shall not spend the money so foolishly."

Ellen's parents were not quite so certain on this

head as she appeared to be. However, the following Monday she was put in possession of the purse, according to the original agreement. A few days afterwards a Persian cat was offered for sale; and Ellen, who was fond of pets, gave half-a-sovereign for this elegant animal. Now, this was a large sum to expend at once, and her mama told her so; but Ellen was so taken with her new favourite, that she hardly considered her dear. When George came in from his ride, the young lady displayed her pet with looks that demanded his admiration. To her great mortification, he turned away his head with an air of aversion, and retreated to the other end of the room.

"Now, dear George, do come and pat my pretty puss: one would think you were afraid of her claws," said Ellen.

"Why do you ask me, Ellen, when you know how I dislike cats, and that mama never keeps one on my account?"

"Oh yes! and the pretty wax fruit my aunt Catherine gave me was devoured by mice, in consequence of your groundless dislike to those useful creatures, cats," rejoined Ellen. "Indeed I forgot your antipathy, or, perhaps, I should not have bought Selima. Still, dear George, the poor pusses you hate are not at all like this fair-skinned, blue-eyed puss, whose coat looks as if it were made of floss-silk."

"I hate all the feline species," replied he, "whether green-eyed or blue-eyed, tortoise-shell, cypress-grey, sandy, or black; though, I confess, my hatred to white grimalkins is greater than to all the rest. Pray send her out of the room: I know you have only borrowed her to tease me."

"Borrowed her, George!" repeated Ellen: "I gave half-a-sovereign for her not two hours since."

"Half-a-sovereign, Ellen! What right had you to spend my money in buying such a worthless beast?"

"Pray don't call my pretty Selima such a rude name: an animal, or a quadruped, would sound much better in your lips, I am sure. However, Mr. George, you need not reproach me with laying out your money to disadvantage: remember the auction, and the bargains you bought there," added Ellen, pouting.

George was silenced; and Ellen remained in quiet possession of the purse till the end of the week. The following Tuesday, George brought home from a neighbouring town two plaster casts, which he showed Ellen with some pride.

"I don't like them at all, George," said she. "Pray who are they, and what did they cost?"

"Only half-a-crown," replied he; "but, Ellen, you look at them as if you did not know them. They are Pitt and Fox. I have ordered several

other distinguished characters, who are not yet unpacked."

"We have images enow," returned Ellen; "and I cannot stand your extravagance any longer, Mr. George."

"Extravagance, Miss Ellen! remember the Persian cat, as you choose to call your white grimalkin."

"You forget the auction, Mr. George," retorted Ellen, angrily.

High words would probably have followed this sharp rejoinder, if their parents had not interposed to prevent a quarrel between the juvenile partners.

"My dear children," said Mr. Hamilton, "this scheme has ended, as I thought it would, in mutual discontent. I think you had better dissolve partnership."

George and Ellen eagerly assented to this proposition; and Mrs. Hamilton agreed to divide the contents of the purse between them.

"You have expended, my dears, in the course of a fortnight," remarked Mrs. Hamilton, "twenty-four shillings and sixpence, in useless trifles, to your mutual dissatisfaction; but of how much good this money might have been productive, if expended properly! A small part of it would have paid for the yearly schooling of a little boy and girl, or fed two poor families, during this hard weather, for a week."

"O mama, if we had thought of putting children to school, we should not have wasted our money so foolishly," replied both the children.

"It is not too late to do that yet," said Mrs. Hamilton; "for you can each choose a scholar, and pay for their schooling at the end of the quarter, when you will receive your allowance; and the money you have left from this will just buy the books they will want."

"I will take the gardener's boy Tom under my patronage," cried George.

"And I will have Phœbe Bloom," rejoined Ellen; and these poor children were sent to school accordingly.

George and Ellen never had one purse from the day they dissolved partnership, it is true; but they mutually agreed in devoting more than half the contents of their privy purse to the instruction and clothing of their *protégés*. They were so fortunate as to dispose of some of their useless purchases to unhoped advantage; and though the Persian cat still remains in Ellen's possession, George has conquered his antipathy to her company, through love to his dear sister, her mistress.

From the foregoing history, we may infer that it is sometimes easier to have *one heart* between two children, than *one purse*.

Drawn by A.R. Slous Junr.

Engraved & Printed by
Fenner Sears & Co.

MY SISTER.

Published by W. Marshall No. 1. Holborn Bars. Nov. 1. 183[illegible].

[illegible] this is bliss.

SISTER'S LOVE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

This world hath not a feeling given,
So holy and so fair,
So like the intercourse in heaven
Which blessed spirits share,

As those sweet friendships which entwine
Young kindred hearts around,
And make an earthly Eden shine
In home's delightful bound.

Bright seraphs, pausing on the wing,
Might gaze on and approve
That beautiful and precious thing,
An elder sister's love.

To those who never knew that tie,
Oh! how shall I express
The charms that in its compass lie
Their worth and loveliness?

To lean upon a sister's breast,
And court her ready kiss,
Then sink, confidingly, to rest
So pillow'd—this is bliss.

In all your hopes and cares, to know
Her sympathy you 'll meet;
Her smiles in joy, her tears in woe:—
Oh! surely this is sweet.

And when for faults of wayward will,
E'en parents kind reprove,
How soothing in that hour of ill
Appears a sister's love!

How wisely will her lips impart
The words of peace and truth,
And counsel thy unpracticed heart
To shun the snares of youth!

And when the troublous storms of life
On thy frail bark descend,
More precious, midst its toils and strife,
Thou 'lt find so true a friend.

Oh! prize her well!—the world's caress
Is but for sunny hours,
Withdrawn in seasons of distress,
When winter sternly lours.

But when thy darkest moments come,
And fickle friends remove,
Thou 'lt find thy dearest rest and home
Is in a sister's love.

DOMESTIC CHIT-CHAT; OR, A WORD FOR THE INJURED.

BY MRS. HOFLAND.

> Consideration, like an angel, came
> And whipt the offending Adam out of him.
> SHAKSPEARE.

"I WONDER, Emma, that you can take so much pleasure in playing with that kitten," said Hugh Pembroke to his sister: "though you are very young, and *only* a girl, I should think that you might amuse yourself with better toys than a cork, a string, and a cat."

"And *I* wonder that you can think any toy comparable to my pretty kitten. Twist and turn as she may, all her motions are more graceful and agile than those of a stage-dancer. And what a very funny look she has! There is a poet who says, somewhere,

> 'You who can smile (to wisdom no disgrace)
> At the arch meaning of a kitten's face.'

I dare say he had gazed, like me, with pleasure, at a kitten's droll looks, Hugh; though, I suppose, he was not *very young*, and certainly not a *girl*."

"Clever people have foolish fancies, sometimes; but almost every body dislikes cats, because they are treacherous, cunning, deceitful things. Besides, hey are very stupid; you cannot teach a cat any

thing. Dogs, horses, and even pigs, may be taught tricks of some kind, by which they evince ability, or display affection; but a cat learns nothing, cares for nobody. She is a handsome animal, I grant, and sometimes useful; but that does not prevent her from being hateful,—a tetotum, at best, in her kittenhood, and a humming-top for the rest of her life. Now, a dog is a noble animal,—brave, sincere, sensible, and affectionate. I *do* love a dog dearly."

Hugh spoke not only volubly, but loudly; as if by the *sound*, not less than the *truth*, of his assertions, he would silence all opposition to his opinion; and Emma, conscious that she knew little on the subject of animals beyond her admiration of pussy, could not immediately reply: but, in a short time, she discarded the favourite, and, addressing her aunt, who was quietly seated at her work, inquired "if it were not possible for a cat to be worth liking as well as a dog?"

"Very possible, my dear," replied Mrs. Annesley; "because many persons do like them as well."

"Many *women*, perhaps," said Hugh sullenly, "more especially old maids. A witch is always represented with a black cat at her elbow."

"Do you class your papa's friend, Mr. H——, among such persons?"

"Oh! no; he is a fine, lively, soldier-like kind of a man."

"Yet, when sitting at rest in his parlour, you will generally find him with a large old cat on his knee, which, during breakfast, may be seen begging for toast beside him, as your little terrier does; a proof that cats may be taught as well as dogs, though it is certain they are by no means equally intelligent."

"I remember that, certainly," said Hugh, looking a little ashamed, and half convinced, as he took a chair opposite to his aunt, with an air that said he had been too hasty in his judgment.

"If," continued his excellent relative, "we require from animals qualities or talents which nature has denied them, we prove ourselves either unreasonable or ignorant. We do not expect a donkey to fetch and carry like a poodle, nor a cow to crack nuts like a squirrel; yet no one will refuse goodwill towards two animals so singularly beneficial to man."

"That is very true; but I spoke of *disposition*, aunt. Now, cats are—"

Hugh paused, and Mrs. Annesley waited in patience for him to proceed; but, seeing he did not, she resumed her discourse.

"Cats are a very maligned race. I never knew a vulgar boy, nor one of a ferocious disposition, who did not calumniate them, as an excuse for his own occasional cruelty towards them."

Hugh was really a well-informed boy, and of a good disposition; and he was also particularly alive to his claims as a gentleman: these words, therefore, struck him as insulting and unjust; and his cheeks glowed with indignation, while yet a deep sense of sorrow, from the consciousness of having been the first aggressor, quivered his lip, and rendered him agitated and fidgetty.

Hugh did not immediately answer; but at length he said,—"I do think, dear aunt, and I am convinced, with you, that cats have been cruelly belied. I must say that old Tabby does make a great piece of work whenever Mr. Holland comes here, just as if she remembered being a kitten at his house, going round and round his chair, purring so loud as to compel him to notice her. I have remarked this frequently," said Hugh.

"So have I; and Tabby's kitten showed me just the same kind of attention, when I called at Mrs. S.'s last week, though I had entirely forgotten the circumstance of her going from our house until reminded of it by her present mistress. The most remarkable attachment, however, of which I have been the object, was that of a very fine young cat, which was cruelly shot in the back by some boys, *misnamed* gentlemen. The poor creature was in the habit of jumping in at the window, after returning from a course of visits which he paid daily to his neigh-

bours. On returning after his accident, he mewed very pitifully; but, having no idea of his mishap, I did not open the door, and of course he was compelled to jump through the open window as usual. He did so, and sank at my feet, bleeding and writhing in agony."

"How sorry you must have been, dear aunt!"

"Indeed I was, Hugh, and regretted particularly that I had not attended to his plaintive cry; for, though not given to fondling animals, I trust I pity all their sufferings. Well, I took poor Tom on my lap, examined his injuries, and washed his bleeding wounds with warm milk and water, as tenderly as I could; yet I undoubtedly gave him much pain, which he bore heroically, and even tried to purr his thanks for my attention. For several weeks the wretched animal suffered so much, that the entrance of a servant almost convulsed him with terror lest she should touch him; yet never was he called by your dear uncle or myself to have his wounds dressed, but he would instantly come, and, by a painful effort, jump on our knees, and faintly purr his thanks. Surely this indicated confidence and gratitude, in no slight degree, and intelligence also."

"Undoubtedly. Pray what became of him? was he any of the cats I can remember?"

"No, my dear, for you were a very little boy;

but Tom was so fond of you, that he permitted you to stroke him even when he had two shots as large as peas in his back. I wish you had been as well able to defend him as you are now; for, by keeping a sharp look-out, he might have been saved from a second attack, which lost me an attached animal of singular beauty and great utility."

"I wish I had been a great boy then; yes, that I do: I would have taught those young scoundrels another lesson. I can't conceive how they *dared* to touch any property of ours."

"Especially a poor innocent cat that had suffered so much," cried Emma, almost in tears.

"Probably they disliked cats, and despised women: ignorant persons are subject to prejudices."

Hugh's colour rose again; but he subdued his emotion, being, indeed, truly grateful to the kind friend who at once reproved and instructed him, yet spared his feelings, and amused him by narratives which awakened his best emotions. He, therefore, eagerly inquired "if she could give him more anecdotes of cats."

"The late Dr. Jackson, of Hanover-square, had a very large, beautiful cat, remarkable for its docility and affection for its master, which he called Tippoo, and which many of his friends remember, I am certain. During the worthy physician's last illness, he was confined several months to his bed-

room, during which time Tippoo never left him more than a few minutes; but constantly tried, by every endearment in his power, to testify affection. When all was over, he still kept his post, except at his usual time of descending for food; but from the time the corpse was removed, all energy forsook him. He tasted nothing that could be offered, permitted no one to caress him, and pined so rapidly that, in a fortnight, Mrs. Jackson told me, his skin hung on a bag of bones; and, within three weeks, Tippoo died literally of grief for the loss of his master."

Hugh breathed a deep sigh, and his aunt continued.

"During the last period of your absence, I had myself an extraordinary, I might say, an affecting instance of recognition in a cat. You remember old Bess, the tortoiseshell cat?"

"Oh yes! Whenever she caught a rat, she brought it to you, and laid it down by you, and would wait ever so long for you."

"Yes, she paid me that compliment for years; but last winter she grew very old, and though loth to resign her place on the rug, finally took up her abode in a basket on the kitchen-hearth, cook being very kind to her. Your uncle frequently visited her there; and she always testified great pleasure on hearing his foot approach. One day he said to

me, 'My dear, poor old Bess is dying: you had better go and see her; for she will never move again.' Just as he spoke the poor creature entered the room, and, though nearly blind, made up to my seat as well as she was able; and, on my taking her up, she tried, but in vain, to purr. Finding her tremble all over, I carried her down to lay her in the warm basket; but the moment I had done so, she crawled out to the beer-cellar, where, in another instant, she was stretched out dead: the poor thing had crept up to visit me in her last agonies."

"She was the best-tempered creature in the world. I always liked that cat myself, exceedingly. She had a great deal of sense, too."

"The most remarkable circumstance I have ever known, respecting cats, will conclude the subject: it is this:—

"The two Misses Walker, of Leeds, had a favourite tabby, which more particularly attached itself to the elder, who kept her bed a year or two. On the death of this lady, her sister (who was also a confirmed invalid) removed to the house of a relation above thirty miles distant, taking with her the cat in question, which was, in the hurry of arrival, soon lost, to her vexation you may be certain. About a fortnight afterwards she received a letter from an old neighbour, informing her that the cat was then in the area of her late habitation in Park

Square, and could not be allured thence, though in a state of starvation.

"On learning this, her own maid was sent to Leeds; and the cat, recognising her, crept out to her, and was reconveyed to her mistress, though reduced to a skeleton. In a short time she was quite happy in her new home, and seemed gratefully to accept of her present mistress in lieu of the one to whom she had hitherto belonged; and when she too was taken, attached herself to Mrs. Smith, the head of the family. How a creature, never fifty yards out of the house, succeeded in finding her way through varied roads in a populous country, I cannot imagine; but the fact is undeniable, and bespeaks an instinct, as well as an affection, beyond what cats have credit for possessing."

"Dear aunt," said Hugh, "I am more obliged to you than I can express, for taking the trouble of *convincing* me instead of *scolding* me. I never will despise cats again, nor any other creature; for they are all the works of the Almighty, who has made nothing in vain: and I am determined that I will study natural history, both in the works of that good and great man, Baron Cuvier, and also in the subjects themselves, so far as I am able."

"And will you, then, *love* my kitten?" said little Emma, climbing on his knee.

"Most probably," replied Hugh, as he tenderly

kissed her; "for I do love the kitten's mistress dearly (as well I may), though I was foolish enough to call her *only* a little girl."

"I had forgotten *that* entirely, dear Hugh."

"I believe you, my love; but I shall neither forget nor forgive myself soon, I promise you."

FABLES FROM THE ITALIAN.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE SHEEP AMONG THORNS.—FROM BERTÒLA.

A FOOLISH sheep, one day, must need
Forsake the green and flowery mead,
Moved by a strange desire to take
A ramble in a thorny brake;—

Yet scarcely there had set her feet,
Before she wish'd to make retreat;
But this design was not effected
So easily as she expected.

The surly thorns had caught her wool,
And 'twas in vain to stamp and pull:
She only got the more entangled
Amongst the briers that round her dangled.

Now sorely scratch'd and sadly vex'd,
Bleating, and panting, and perplex'd,

She stood, when, to her great surprise,
The thorns began to moralise:—

" Wool among thorns! When came it nigh us,
And was not soundly mulcted by us?
Who e'er approach'd us and departed,
That has not for his folly smarted?

" As well might you expect to go,
Unwetted, where the billows flow;
Or vainly deem you might return
From handling fire, without a burn,—

" As to suppose your fleece could be
Among the brambles, and go free;
For who e'er ventured near a thorn,
And did not for his folly mourn?"

THE BOY AND THE FIRE-FLIES.—FROM THE SAME.

An inexperienced boy, one night
Through lonely paths returning,
Had ta'en, to guide his steps aright,
A lantern brightly burning.

And safe he travell'd by its ray,
Until, before him glancing,
He saw, along the doubtful way,
The sparkling fire-flies dancing.

Then he discarded with disdain
His lantern calmly beaming,
To follow this resplendent train,
In fitful radiance gleaming.

But, ere a second step he took,
He found his folly humbled:
The flying lights his path forsook,
And in a ditch he tumbled.

Then bitter anger he express'd
Against these guides beguiling;
Who thus the simple boy address'd:
"Nay, cease this vain reviling!

"The blame remains with you alone;
And half the ills men reckon,
Proceed from leaving lights well known,
To follow some false beacon."

THE VAIN PURSUIT; OR, THE GIRL AND THE BIRD.

FROM DE ROSSI.

"Cloris, still you smiling roam,
Thoughtless of the hasting day;
Mark you not that, in the wave,
Phœbus hides his glorious ray?"

'Twas thus the anxious mother cried,
To call her truant from the hill;
But Cloris, though her feet obey'd,
In looks and wishes linger'd still.

And homeward though the damsel moved,
Yet evermore she glanced behind,
Until she reach'd her mother's side,
And round her neck her arms entwin'd.

And "O my mother, I 'll reveal
The cause of my delay," she said:
"I saw, while wandering forth this morn,
A beauteous bird in yonder shade.

"And Oh! he let me come so near,
I deem'd him once my captive quite;
But when almost beneath my hand,
He 'scaped, and took a longer flight.

"And then he hopp'd from bough to bough,
I following still, my labour lost:
Alas! what hours of fruitless toil
Has this deceitful flutterer cost!

"And when, dear mother, I had spent
In vain pursuit the live-long day,
The traitor spread his wings once more,
And flew—for ever flew away."

Young Cloris ceased; but, angry still,
Could scarce the starting tear-drops hide:
But tenderly, in accents mild,
The experienced mother thus replied:

" E'en thus, in life, my simple child,
Weak mortals, not less simple, view
Some vain chimera, which they call
Their happiness, and still pursue.

" Misled by hope, their rash career,
Through years of grief and care, they run;
And though it seem for ever near,
In this low vale 'tis never won.

" Though baffled oft, they still proceed,
And take no warning from the past;
But madly urge their vain pursuit,
Deceived and flatter'd to the last."

WHAT MUST BE MUST.

"Now, you know, Master Henry, that you *must* come in; and you must change your shoes before you go to school, and it is almost school-time, Master Henry."

Master Henry was playing at trap-ball, which he liked very much: still he was quite willing to go to school in proper time; but he had a little foolish pride, which felt hurt at the *manner* in which Mrs. Betty conveyed the summons. "I will be sure to come in, in proper time for school, Betty," said he stiffly; "so never mind me:" and he began again to play at trap.

In a few minutes, Betty summoned him again: "You know, Master Henry, you must come in *at last*, so you might as well have done it *at first*," said she, as Henry prepared to obey. This sounded like reproach; and Henry began to look angry; and, fortunately, his mother came in: a gentle word from her set all right; and, after using the utmost expedition, he was just in time for school.

Betty complained to her mistress that, "somehow or other, Master Henry, since he had grown a great boy, would seldom come in when she called him. If she called him *gently*, he did not seem to hear; and, if she called him *sharply*, he turned obstinate."

Henry's mother talked with him concerning this petulance. She found that it arose from a false kind of *spirit*, which made him unwilling to be obedient to a servant. She reasoned with him upon this: "When Betty sees you playing in the garden, and knows that you ought to come in, it is kind in her to tell you so."

"But she does not always speak *kindly*."

"If you neglect her summons, and make her call you again and again, it is very tiresome to her; and it is no wonder, if, at last, she speaks crossly. When Betty desires you to do what you know I should wish, if I were present, in obeying her you obey me."

"Betty says, 'you *must*,' and she cannot *reason* with me as you do, mother," said Henry.

"Then reason with *yourself*, my dear boy: that will generally answer the purpose;" said his mother.

* * * * *

"How long," asked Henry one day, "shall I be a child?"

"I do not know exactly; it depends partly on *yourself*," replied his mother.

"On *myself!* I cannot alter my growth," said Henry.

"No; but some are accounted children longer than others, because they have not judgment enough to conduct themselves," said his mother.

"I want to know how long I shall hear people say to me, 'you *must* do this,' or, 'you *must* go there;'" said Henry: "I do not like the word *must*."

"You must make up your mind to bear it, for you will hear it all your life," said Henry's brother Edgar.

"How so, Edgar?" said Henry. "When I am a man, who will say *must* to me?"

"Did not you hear my father tell the gardener that he must cover up the cucumbers, and water the asparagus?"

"Yes," said Henry; "but the gardener is a servant."

"I am sure I hear the word *must* every day at Mr. Stokes's office," said Edgar. "'These papers *must be* written,—those bills must be made out.'"

"Then I won't be a lawyer," said Henry; "at least, I hope my father will not insist upon it; for I should not like to be a clerk at your office."

"What will you be?" said his brother, smiling.

"If I were to go to sea," said Henry—

"Nay, nay; it is all *must* work *there*," said Edgar. "There are no masters so strict as army and navy commanders: and of good reason; for, without strict obedience, there would be no order or discipline."

Henry looked grave. "If I were rich enough to be *nothing at all*?"

"Then you would be a man of fashion, I suppose," said Edgar, laughing; "and your tailor would tell you how you *must dress.*"

Just then their father came in, and told their mother that he found he must go to London immediately, on business.

"I am sorry for it," said their mother.

"So am I," said their father; "but I *must* go; and, therefore, there is no use in talking against it."

"So you find even my father is obedient to this word *must!*" said Edgar to his brother, when their father had left the room.

"Who says 'you must' to papa?" said Henry.

"I will tell you," said his mother; "the sense of what is right, or *duty*, which is another name for the knowledge of what we ought to do."

* * * * *

It was a cold snowy morning, and there was a large cattle-fair in the neighbourhood.

"Come to this window," said Henry's mother; "here is a farmer going to the fair. We might say it is a disagreeable thing for him to go out of his warm house on such a day: but he knows it is right to go; or, as he would say himself, he *must;* so he goes willingly and cheerfully. Here is a horse going to the fair: the horse cannot possibly understand the reason why he should go; but he is tractable and obedient, and therefore ambles along,

pleasantly enough. But look at this pig! *Piggy* is obstinate, and keeps up a constant struggle the whole way: *must* conquers; the pig must go; and from this show of resistance, he has a most unpleasant journey before him. Now, which would you rather be,—the horse which is *led*, or the pig which requires to be *driven*?"

"The horse, to be sure, mama," said Henry; "but I would rather be the master, and go of my own accord."

"Well, then, where you can, be the master,—the *master of yourself*, Henry; and when you know what is right, do it quickly,—do it cheerfully, of your own accord. But there are some things which you naturally forget, or do not yet understand, which you require to be reminded of: allow us, therefore, to *lead* you,—do not oblige us to *drive* you along."

"It is putting off what we ought to do, which often makes us dislike doing it at last," said Henry's brother. "Most persons dislike getting up early in cold weather; but, disagreeable as it is, if we have courage to jump out directly when we know we ought to do so, there is pleasure in it,—the pleasure of acting right; but the longer we linger in bed, the greater is our reluctance to rise; and when, at length, we do get up, we have the added pain of self-reproach. It is far easier

to do what we must, when we feel contented, than when we feel discontented with ourselves."

"I hope, indeed," said his mother, "that Henry will soon find that necessary things are by no means necessarily unpleasant; but I can assure him, that I have many things which I *must* do: I must now go and cut out his father's shirts; so I have no time to talk any longer on the subject."

THE END.

Printed by W. J. RUFFY, 29, Budge Row, London.

W. MARSHALL

BEGS to acquaint his Friends that the following are the regular publishing Prices of his POCKET BOOKS and ALMANACKS.

POCKET BOOKS.

	s.	d.	
Marshall's New Pocket Book	2	0	gilt edges
Marshall's Royal Cobourg Pocket Cabinet	2	6	ditto
Marshall's Ladies' Fashionable Repository and Pocket Engagement Atlas	2	6	ditto
Marshall's Ladies' Elegant Pocket Souvenir	2	6	ditto
Marshall's Cabinet of Fashion	3	6	ditto
Marshall's Ladies' Pocket Album	2	6	ditto
Marshall's Ladies' Daily Remembrancer	2	6	ditto
Marshall's Gentleman's Pocket Book	2	6	ditto
Marshall's Commercial Pocket Book	4	0	ditto
Marshall's Daily Journal	3	6	ditto
Marshall's New Polite Pocket Repository	3	6	ditto
Marshall's Sovereign, or Royal Tablet of Memory	3	6	ditto

ALMANACKS.

Marshall's Unique Almanack	2	6	
Marshall's ditto ditto with roan tuck	3	6	gilt edges
Marshall's Improved Historical Almanack, *with plates*	4	6	ditto

POCKET BOOKS WITH ALMANACKS.

Marshall's Ladies' Fashionable Repository	5	0	gilt edges
Marshall's Ladies' Elegant Pocket Souvenir	5	0	ditto
Marshall's Ladies' Pocket Album	5	0	ditto
Marshall's Ladies' Daily Remembrancer	5	0	ditto
Marshall's Gentleman's Pocket Book	5	0	ditto
Marshall's Cabinet of Fashion	6	0	ditto
Marshall's Commercial Pocket Book	6	6	ditto
Marshall's Daily Journal	6	0	ditto
Marshall's New Polite Repository	6	0	ditto
Marshall's Sovereign, or Royal Tablet of Memory	6	0	ditto

ALSO THE FAMILY ACCOUNT BOOK, Price Two Shillings.